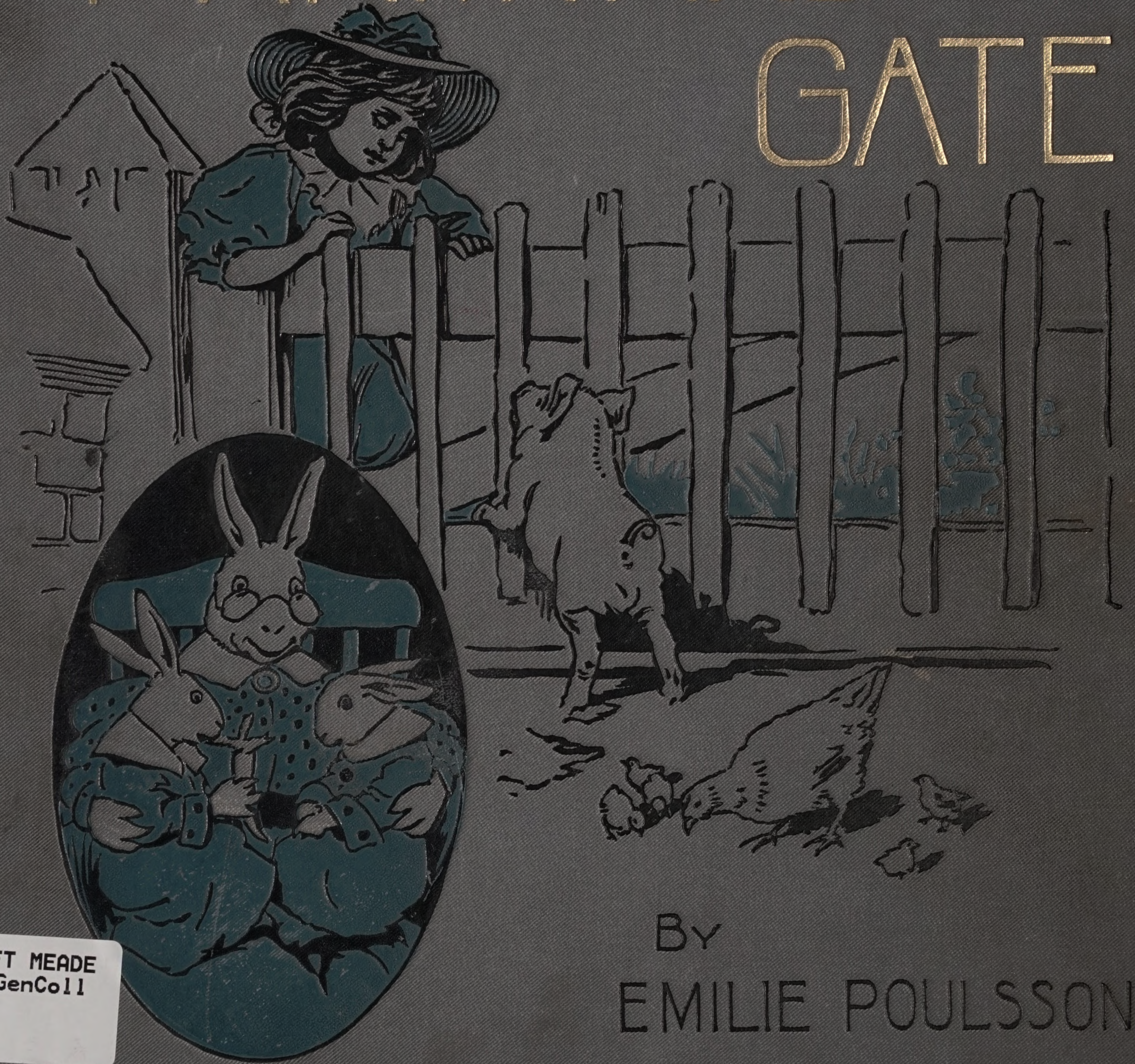


THROUGH THE FARMYARD

GATE



By
EMILIE POULSSON

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FARMYARD PETS.

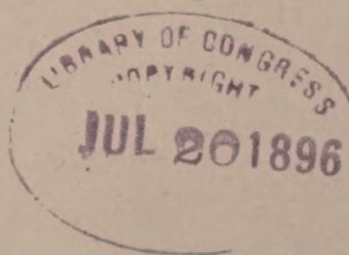
THROUGH THE FARMYARD GATE

RHYMES AND STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN
AT HOME AND IN KINDERGARTEN

BY
EMILIE POULSSON

AUTHOR OF "NURSERY FINGER PLAYS," AND
"IN THE CHILD'S WORLD."

ILLUSTRATED BY L. J. BRIDGMAN



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PREFACE.

“The interest a young child gives
To every animal that lives,
Dear mother, is an open door
Through which unbounded good may pour,
Filling his mind with knowledge manifold,
Of Nature's wondrous laws, so new, so old.”

Motto from Froebel's Mother Play.

The love of animals is one of the most universal traits of childhood. Through faith in this trait and with the hope of fostering it, these simple stories are offered to the children. While the book is not distinctively a kindergarten book, some of its rhymes will be found useful in connection with the talks upon animals given in the kindergarten, and with the Froebel and other plays which picture the child's relation to nature.

Many of the stories are true — Barney and Lummux and Fritz and Midget and Lady Jane being personal friends of mine. For this intimate acquaintance my thanks are due to the five dear little comrades to whom the pets belonged and who led me not only through the farmyard gate, but to a greater comprehension of the friendship and sympathy that can exist between children and animals.

EMILIE POULSSON.

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THROUGH THE FARMYARD GATE

FARMYARD FOLK



The farmyard gate is fastened,
For that's the farmer's way,
Lest any of his creatures
Outside the yard should
stray.

The farmyard gate is fastened,
But I will swing it wide
For all you little children
Who wish to go inside.

Come, little lads and lassies,
And enter with me now,
And I will introduce you
To Lady Jane, the cow.
There! Hasn't she politeness?
That very long-drawn
"Moo-o-o"

Means "I am glad to meet you,
And pray how do you do?"

And here is faithful Dobbin,
The best of horses he,
He seldom speaks to strangers,
But nods his head, you see.

And doggies — Fritz and Midget —
 Who bark their joy aloud;
 While high upon the dovecote
 The pretty pigeons crowd.

That roly-poly fellow,
 With long ears stretching
 high,
 Is Barney dear, the donkey;
 We must not pass him by,
 For he's the dearest donkey
 That ever stood stock-still,
 Or ran away, or smashed a cart,
 To show his tricky will.



And here is Mistress Fleecy—
 The woolly-backed mamma,
 Who says “Good-day!” politely,
 Though you hear only
 “Ba-a!”
 And pigs! and hens and chick-
 ens!



And geese and ducks! dear! dear!
 Such clucking, quacking, grunting,
 Now did you ever hear?

THE LONELY BOSSY.

“My Bossy is a beauty,”
Thought Lady Jane with
pride,
As day by day it nestled
And gamboled at her side.

But Lady Jane and Bossy
A sudden sorrow find ;
For cows must go to pasture,
And leave their calves be-
hind.

So, far away from Bossy,
Through farmyard and
through lane,
Among the herd goes sadly
The mother, Lady Jane,

While, in the barn, poor
Bossy
Forlorn and lonely lies,

And calls her absent mother
With piteous, frightened
cries.

Along the hillside pasture,
The while the cattle graze,
They lift their heads to listen ;
They watch in dumb amaze.

For Lady Jane goes running
Adown the hill like mad ;
“It is my baby crying !”
The only thought she
had.

She leaps the rail, and plunges
As madly down the lane ;
The big barn door is open
And Bossy calls again.

“My darling little Bossy,
I have come back to you ;

THE LONELY BOSSY.

And now I'll stay beside
you,

Don't be afraid; Moo-oo!"

That evening, when the farmer
Went whistling down the
lane,

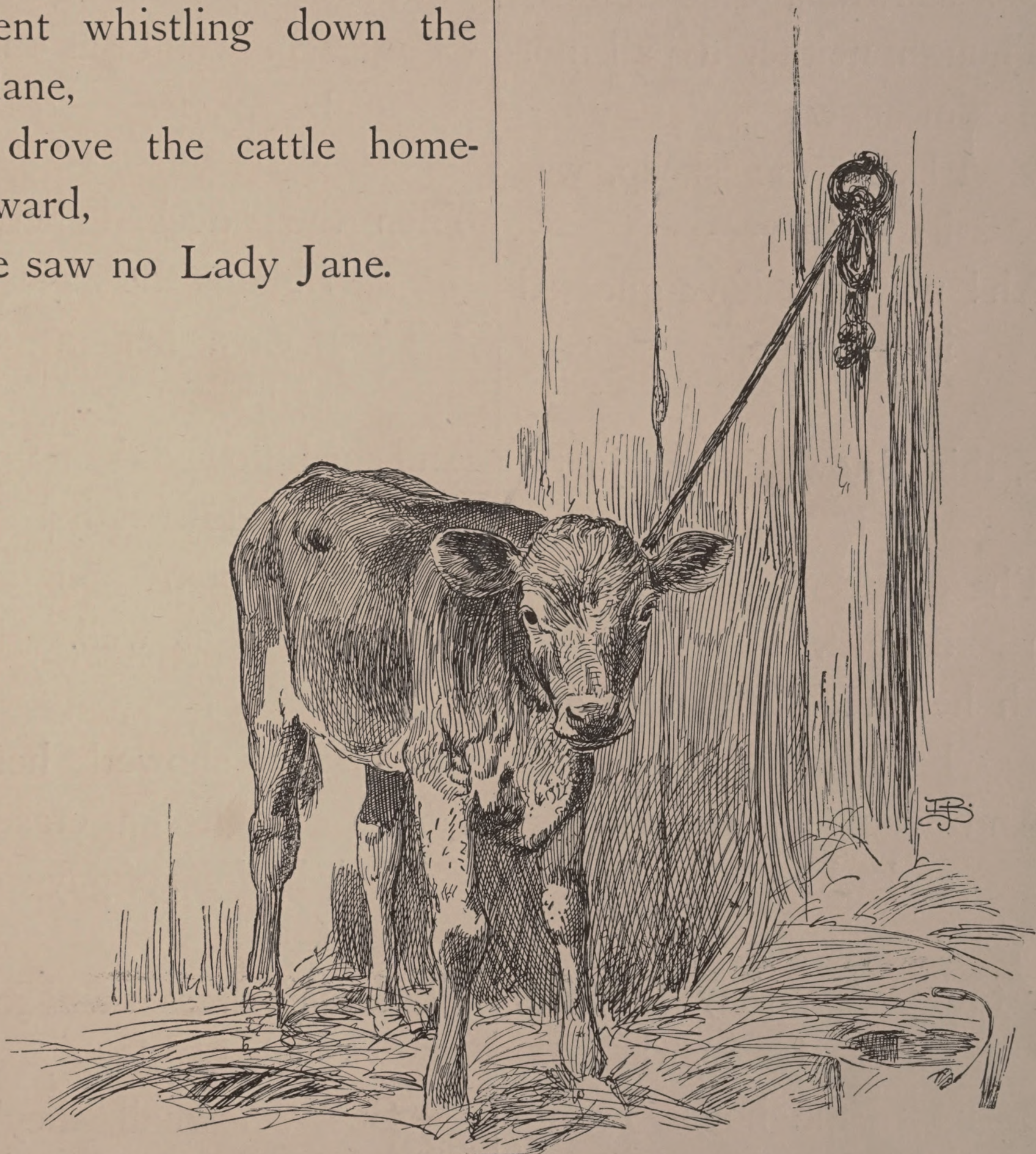
And drove the cattle home-
ward,

He saw no Lady Jane.

But when to do the milking,
Into the barn he went,

There Lady Jane and Bossy

Were standing quite content.



LADY JANE GOES AWAY FROM BOSSY.

THE PET LAMB-SNOWBALL.

I will sing you a song of a
snowball,

Though neither a ball nor
of snow ;

Mrs. Fleecy, the sheep, was
its mother—

Ah! now you have guessed
it, I know.

Yes, this Snowball was just a
wee lambkin,

The children's own pet and
delight,

With her meek little face and
her bleating

And wool all so crinkled
and white.

Far too pretty, they thought,
for the farmyard,

So up to the house Lamb-
kin came ;

And the children who helped
in her washing

Chose "Snowball" at once for
her name.

Then they decked her with
ribbons the gayest ;

They gave her a silvery
bell,

And she followed them upstairs
and downstairs,

To playroom and school-
room as well.

And they showed her the
schoolroom eraser,

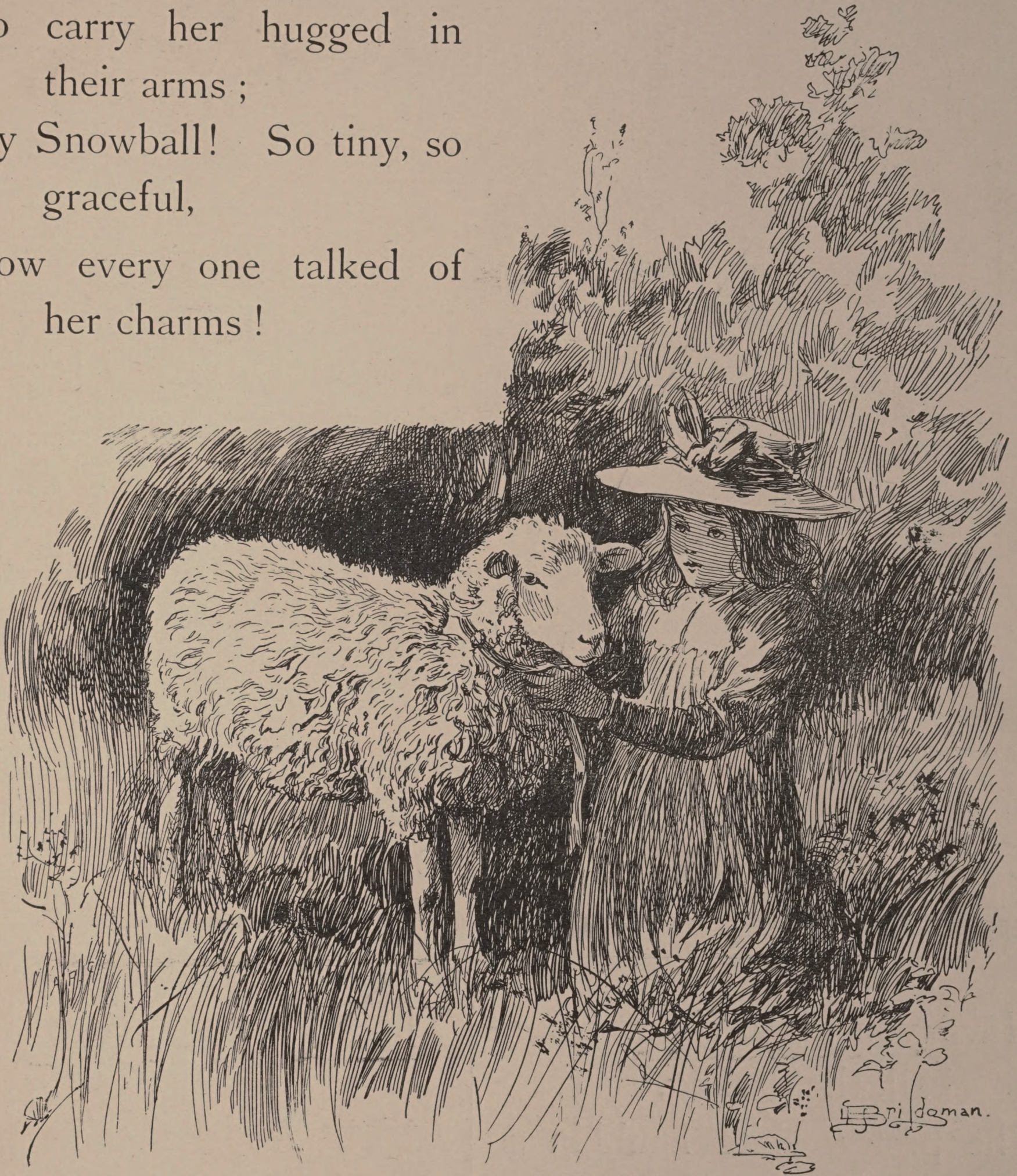
Their baskets of gay worsted
full,

Their thick dresses and jackets,
their blankets,

"See, Snowball, they're all
made of wool."

THE PET LAMB — SNOWBALL.

And the children were never
too tired
To carry her hugged in
their arms ;
Pretty Snowball! So tiny, so
graceful,
How every one talked of
her charms !



SNOWBALL HAS A SILVERY BELL.



GOING TO THE FIELD.

THE PET LAMB—LUMMUX.

Have you heard about Snow-
ball, the darling,
The pretty white lambkin so
small,
Who was taken to live with
the children,

The pet among pets with them
all?
Alas! As the time passed,
poor Snowball
Could not all her baby charms
keep;

For as little folks grow to be
big ones,
So lambkins will grow to be
sheep.

Soon the housemaids were
scolding at hoofmarks
That scratched all the smooth
polished floors ;

And the governess said, "Such
a creature

Is much better off out of doors."

Next mamma laughed at Snow-
ball, declaring

That "Lummux" should now
be her name,

So clumsy was she, and so
heavy ;

The children still loved her
the same.

Yet the dear little playmate
had vanished,

For "Lummux" they never
could lug

Everywhere that they went :—
so, one morning,

With kisses and many a hug,

They at last led their over-
grown darling

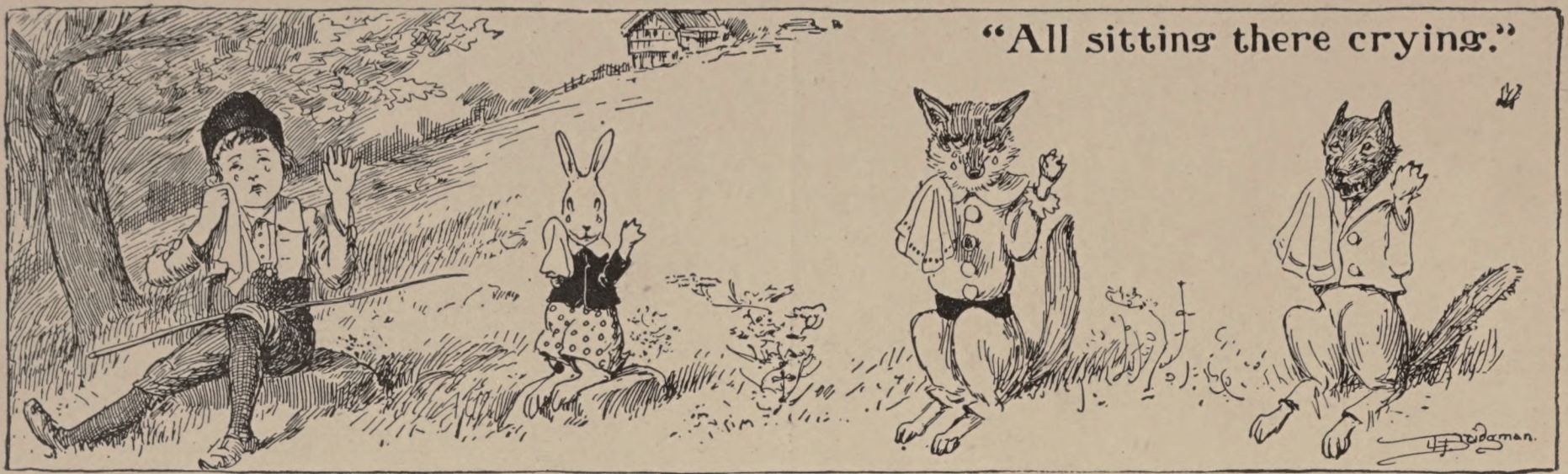
Out into the field with the rest.



The
Housemaids
were scolding

And — you might not believe
it — but Lummux

Liked this kind of life much
the best !



THE THREE GOATS.

Now you shall hear!

There was once a Boy who had three Goats. All day they leaped and pranced and skipped and climbed up on the rocky hill, but at night the Boy drove them home. One night, when he went to meet them, the frisky things leaped into a turnip field and he could not get them out. Then the Boy sat down on the hillside and cried.

“As he sat there a Hare came along. ‘Why do you cry?’ asked the Hare.

“‘I cry because I can’t get

the Goats out of the field,’ answered the Boy.

“‘I’ll do it,’ said the Hare. So he tried, but the Goats would not come. Then the Hare, too, sat down and cried.

“Along came a Fox.

“‘Why do you cry?’ asked the Fox.

“‘I am crying because the Boy cries,’ said the Hare; ‘and the Boy is crying because he cannot get the Goats out of the turnip field.’

“‘I’ll do it,’ said the Fox.

“So the Fox tried, but the

THE THREE GOATS.

Goats would not come. Then the Fox also sat down and cried.

“Soon after, a Wolf came along. ‘Why do you cry?’ asked the Wolf. ‘I am crying because the Hare cries,’ said the Fox; ‘and the Hare cries because the Boy cries; and the Boy cries because he can’t get the Goats out of the turnip field.’ ‘I’ll do it!’ said the Wolf. He tried; but the Goats would not leave the field.

Wolf. ‘I am crying because the Fox cries; and the Fox cries because the Hare cries; and the Hare cries because the Boy cries; and the Boy cries because he can’t get the Goats out of the turnip field.’

“‘I’ll do it!’ said the Bee.

“Then the big Animals and the Boy all stopped crying a moment to laugh at the tiny Bee. *He* do it, indeed, when they could not! But the tiny



So he sat down beside the others and began to cry too.

“After a little, a Bee flew over the hill and saw them all sitting there crying. ‘Why do you cry?’ said the Bee to the

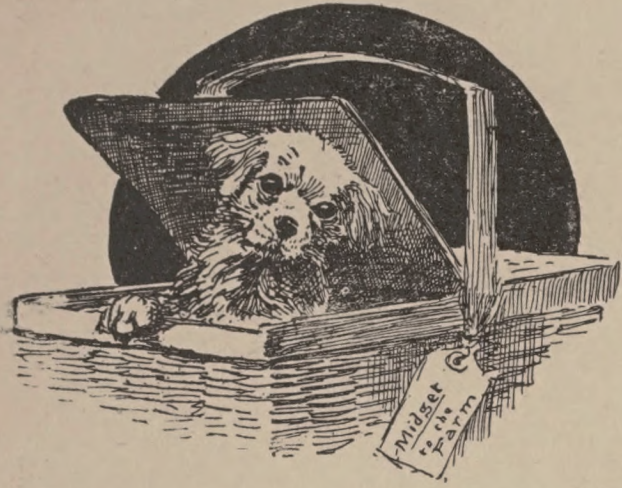
Bee flew away into the turnip field and lit upon one of the Goats and said,

“‘Buz-z-z-z-z!’

“And out ran the Goats, every one!”

Translated from Norwegian.

A PUPPY'S PROBLEM.



When Midget was a puppy,
And to the farm was brought,
She found that there were many things
A puppy must be taught.

Her mother oft had told her
The first thing to be known
Was how to gnaw and bite, and thus
Enjoy a toothsome bone.



So Midget practiced biting
On everything around,
But that was not approved at all,
To her surprise, she found.

The farmer spoke severely
Till Midget shook with fright;
The children shouted, "No, no, no!"
"Bad Midget! Mustn't bite!"



'Twas just the same with barking ;
At first they all said " Hark !"
Whenever Midget tried her voice ;
" Good puppy ! that's it ! Bark !"



But then, as soon as Midget
Could sound a sharp " Bow-wow !"
Alas ! the talk was changed to " Hush !"
Such noise we can't allow."

Now wasn't that a puzzle ?
It seemed a problem dark,
That it was right and wrong to bite,
And right and wrong to bark.

A puppy's hardest lesson
Is when to bark and bite ;
But Midget learned it, and became
A comfort and delight.



MIDGET'S FUNNY SWING.

AN OBLIGING DONKEY.

The little puppy, Midget, | And often for a social play,
Lived near the donkey's stall, | To Barney's side would crawl.

AN OBLIGING DONKEY.

And when the frisky Barney
Out in the field was tied,
The little Midget, full of joy,
Would caper at his side.

One day as Barney stood there,
His tail wagged to and fro,
As if it were a pendulum,
And Midget watched it go,
Till into her small noddle
There popped an antic thought,
And with a sudden upward
 leap,
The swinging tail she caught.

The donkey's heart was kindly,
The donkey's tail was tough;
"You want to swing? Well,
 swing away,
Until you've had enough."

Oh! Barney's full of mischief,
But we must bear in mind
(As well as all his tricks and pranks),
This little deed so kind.

So Barney's tail wagged faster,
And still did Midget cling.



BARNEY AND MIDGET.

Now tell me if you ever
 heard
Of such a funny thing?

BABY GRAYWING'S FRIGHT.

Oh! you should see the dove-
cote

That stands at Melrose
Farm.

High on a pole they placed it,
To keep the birds from
harm.

Two pairs of pigeons lived
there,

Each with a home supplied;
For two rooms were within it,
With doorways side by side.

The Graywings had two babies,
The Pigeon-Whites had
two;

And all the place re-echoed
To their sweet note: "Coo,
coo!"

One day the Graywing parents
Flew off to get some food,

And in the sunny doorway
Their baby pigeons stood.

And oh! the pity, pity!

Almost too sad to tell!
Down, down from out the
dovecote

One baby pigeon fell.

But joy! Below the dovecote
There chanced to be some
hay;

So, bruised and trembling only,
The frightened birdie lay.

But poor wee Baby Graywing!
Too young he was to fly;
His home — how could he
reach it,

Up in that dovecote high?

Just then the kindly farmer
Saw Baby Graywing there.

BABY GRAYWING'S FRIGHT.

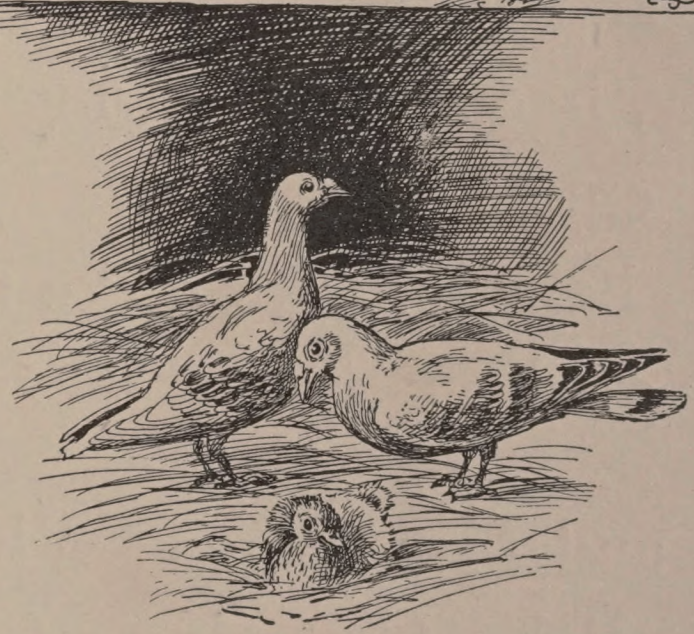


THE GRAYWING PARENTS THANK THE FARMER.

“Well, well!” said he, “poor
birdie,
You must have had a scare.”

His longest ladder bringing,
Up, up he climbed in haste;
And back into the dovecote
The Baby Graywing placed.

And when the Graywing
parents



Their baby's mishap knew,
They thanked the good old
farmer
With many a glad “Coo,
coo!”



MR. AND MRS. PIGEON-WHITE GO TO THE BRUSH HEAP.

THE WISE PIGEONS.

Next to the Graywings, as you
know,

Lived other pigeons, white as
snow.

They, like the Graywing par-
ents, had

Two baby birds to make them
glad.

Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon-White
Saw Baby Graywing's fall in
fright —

Feared that their darlings
might fall, too ;

What could the anxious par-
ents do ?

“ Love always will find out a
way.”

This the two pigeons proved
that day.

“ I know of something we can
do,”

Said the fond mother ; “ Coo-
coo-coo !

“ Come to the brush heap ;
there we'll find

Thin little twigs — just the
nicest kind !

Many we'll need in the dove-
cote high,

Oh ! let us hasten ; fly, oh ! fly.”

THE WISE PIGEONS.

Down to the ground flew the
busy pair,
Peering and searching every-
where.

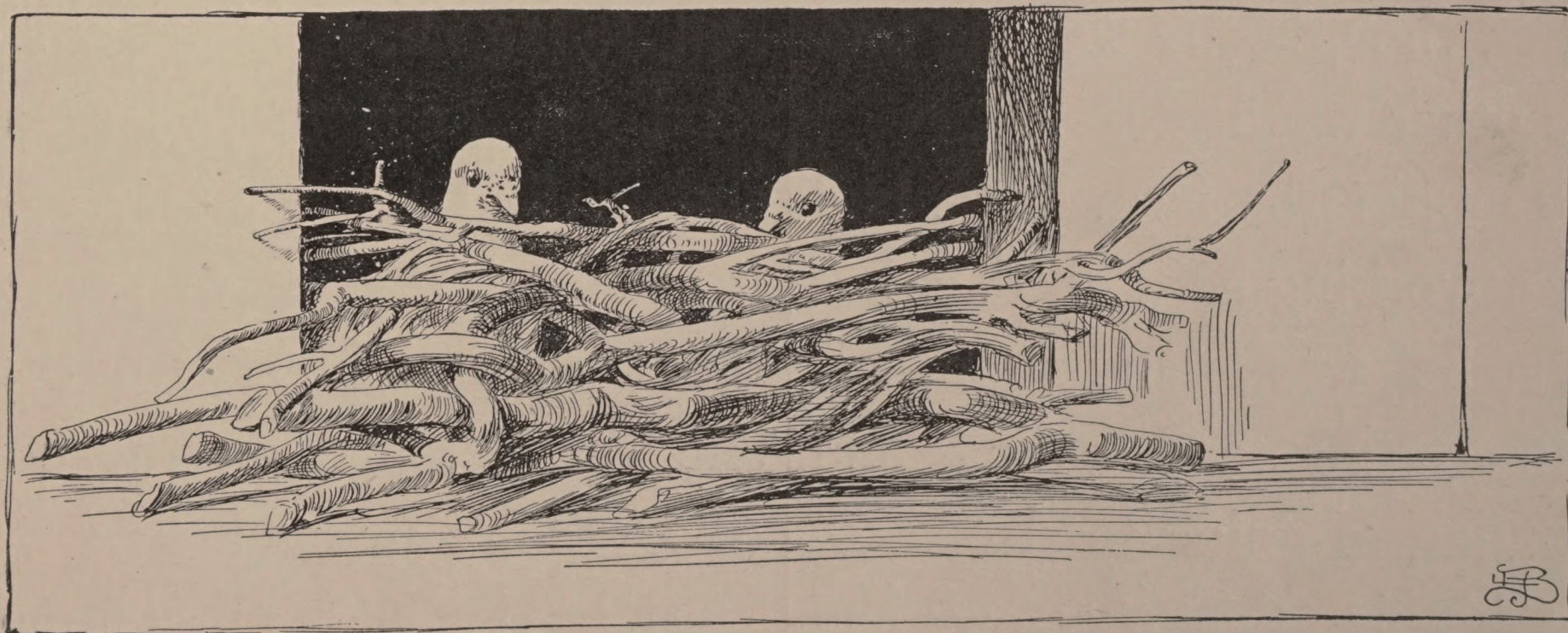
Up many times did they
quickly soar,
Carrying twigs to the dovecote
door.

What the wise birds had
planned to fix
Soon proved to be a fence of
sticks,
Right in the dovecote doorway
wide,
Keeping their babies safe in-
side.

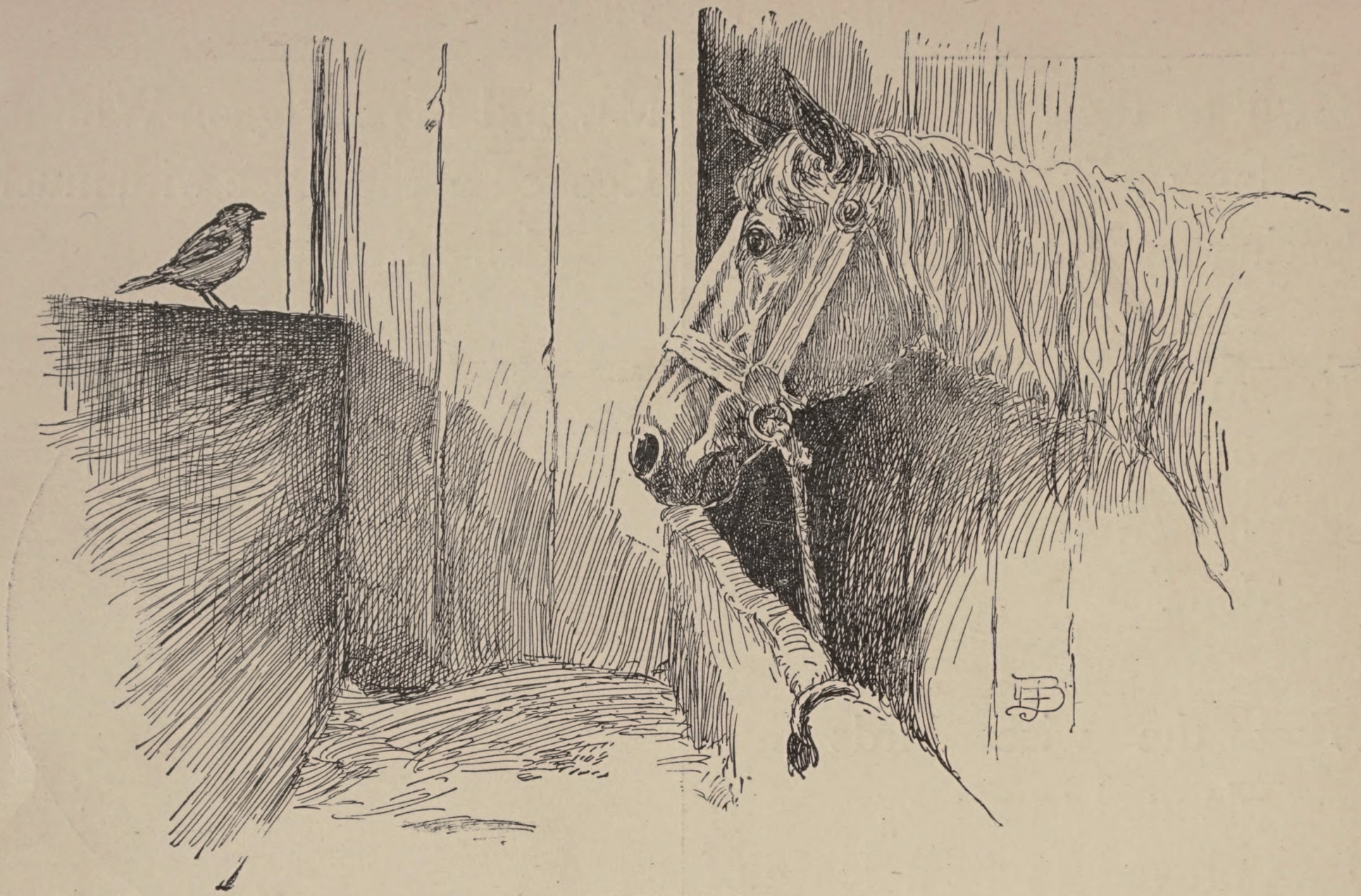
Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon-White
Looked at the fence with much
delight.



Over it peeped the birdies
small;
No danger now that they
should fall!



OVER IT PEEPED THE BIRDIES SMALL.



IN THE STALL.

DOBBIN AND THE SPARROW.

Now you shall hear how kind two friends were to each other, though one was big and the other was little.

Dobbin the farm horse had been working hard all day, but now he was standing in his stall resting and eating and thinking of going to sleep.

Chippie the sparrow had

been working hard all day, too, in her fashion; but she was still flying about in search of food, not knowing where she should find her supper, when it occurred to her to go into the barn, and in a trice there she was, perched on the edge of Dobbin's manger.

“Chee! chee! How hungry

"I am!" chirped the wee thing. "Your manger is so full, Dobbin dear, won't you let me have some of your oats? Such a little will do for me! Just one little grain or two; and there will be plenty left for you—more than you can eat." And the sparrow hovered over the tempting oats, looking up coaxingly at the big horse.

"Take all you wish, little bird," said Dobbin kindly. "We may both feast, and there will still be some left."

Then the two friends ate and ate of the delicious oats until both were satisfied.

By and by the summer came. Even in the dim stable it was very hot, and oh! how troublesome the flies were. Poor

Dobbin had no rest from their stinging and biting. But one day he heard a whirr of wings, and the next moment his little friend Sparrow perched on the edge of his manger.

"I do not come begging this time," she chirped. "Chee! chee! No, indeed. I can get my own living in the summer time. But now I will show what I can do for you."

Then you should have seen how the sparrow darted about and how she snapped at the flies. And every day through the whole summer the sparrow came and caught the tormenting flies so that they could not hurt and tease Dobbin any more.

From the Norwegian.



THE TENTH EGG.

Our Brownie came into the
dooryard one day,
With many a noisy "cluck,
cluck!"
All these are my chickens, yes,
all this fine brood—
I think I've had very good
luck."

Our Brownie was praised and
her brood much admired,
But mother said, "Yes,
Brownie mine,
But surely I put ten white
eggs in your nest,
And chickens you have only
nine."

To the nest in the barn Bob
and Margery ran
And found the one egg left
alone.

Bob snatched it in haste—
and it dropped to the
ground—
And hit on the edge of a
stone!

"Oh! well, it's no matter,"
said Bob, looking down,
"That egg was of no use to
keep"—

When hark! What was that?
From the broken egg came
The softest and faintest "Peep,
peep!"

And there was a dear, downy
chicken's small head,
From that very shell poking
out,
As much as to say, "Since
you've opened my door
I think I'll be looking about!"



BOB AND MARGERY.

CHICKENS IN TROUBLE.



“O mother, mother! I’m so cold!”

One little chicken grumbled.

“And, mother!” cried a second chick,

“Against a stone I’ve stumbled.”

“And oh! I am so sleepy now,”

Another chick was moaning;

While chicken fourth, of tired wings,
Kept up a constant groaning.

“And, mother! I have such a pain!”

Peeped out the chicken baby;

“That yellow meal did taste so good,

I’ve eaten too much, may be.”

“And there’s a black, black cloud up there,”

Cried all in fear and wonder;





“O mother dear, do spread
your wings
And let us all creep under.”

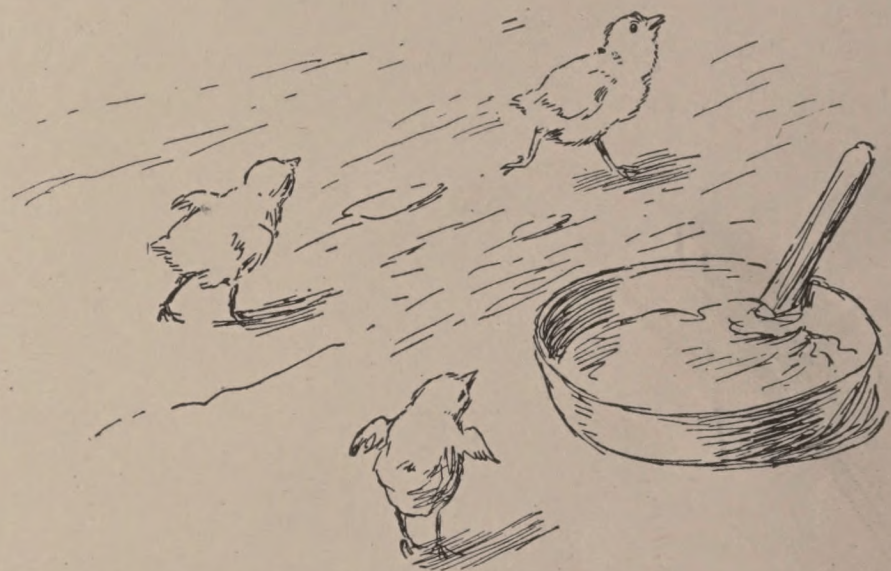
“There, there, my little dears,
come here;
Your cries are quite distress-
ing,”

The mother called, and spread
her wings
For comfort and caressing.

And soon beneath her feathers
warm,
The little chicks were hud-
dled;

“I know what ailed you all,”
she said,
“You wanted to be cuddled.”

And as they nestled cosily
And hushed their weak com-
plaining,
She told them that the black,
black cloud
Was quite too small for
raining.



And one by one they all were
soothed,

And out again went straying,
Until five happy little chicks
Were in the farmyard play-
ing.

From the Norwegian.





THE WATCHFUL MOTHER.

Oh! such a brood has Mother
Hen

Of downy, chirping things,
You wouldn't think so many
chicks

Could get beneath her
wings —

Or that one mother ever could
Take care of such a lively
brood.

THE WATCHFUL MOTHER.

The Mother Hen within the
coop,

Stays quietly at home —
While in the farmyard round
about

The chickens freely roam.
But who is this comes flying
near,
And fills the old hen's heart
with fear?

'Tis Mr. Hawk! Oh! swift
he comes,

And near and nearer flies;
While "cluck, cluck," to her
little chicks

The watchful mother cries.
"Peep, peep," the baby chick-
ens all
Run quickly at their mother's
call.

Old Mr. Hawk up in the
air

No longer circles round;
For not a single little chick
To pounce upon, is found.
All safely hid the chickens
rest
Within the coop 'neath moth-
er's breast.

But by and by when Mr.
Hawk

Has flown far, far away,
From out the coop with happy
chirps

The chickens gladly stray;
And guarding them from every
ill
Their loving mother watches
still.



FRITZ AND MIDGET.

The dogs of the farmyard,
Named Midget and Fritz,
Were dogs of good training
And dogs of good wits.

Of course they liked frolics,
And romping and fun ;
But yet, just as gayly,
Their duties were done.

Away from the garden
They chased all the hens,
And barked when the piggies
Got out of their pens.

And when from the pasture
The flock of sheep ran,
'Twas Midget and Fritz who
Called farmer and man.

And who but these doggies
Would follow all day

On guard while the children
Were busy at play ?

Now Fritz was a large dog,
And seemed much inclined
To be to small Midget
Most courteous and kind.

If Fritz to the children
Went whining with thirst,
No matter — he always
Let Midget drink first.

The dish of cold water
Might near him be placed,
But not before Midget
Would he take a taste.

This bit of politeness
My dog story ends ;
Long live Fritz and Midget,
The loving dog friends.



FRITZ LETS MIDGET DRINK FIRST.

WHERE COLTIE WENT.

The farmer had a little colt
Which played the whole
day long,
Until at last he grew so big,
And tall, and stout, and
strong,
The farmer, looking at him,
said :



HE PLAYED THE WHOLE DAY LONG.

“Your playtime soon must
end,
But first we need to go to town
And see ‘the horses’ friend.’”
They went into the queerest
place
The colt had ever seen.

“K—ling!” “K—lang!” Oh!
such a noise!

What could the clatter mean?
And bright and red the sparks
flew up,

At every ringing sound;
And here, a hot fire glowed;
and there

Were horses standing round.
The little coltie wondered
much

As Master led him in;
And almost felt afraid — to
hear

The hammering and din;
But Master kept close by his
side

And kindly petting gave;
So little coltie stood quite still,
Determined to be brave.

Stood still except when told to
move;

WHERE COLTIE WENT.



THE BLACKSMITH MAKES COLTIE'S SHOES.

Then, quickly as he heard
His master or the strange man
speak,

He minded every word.

The man looked at the coltie's
hoofs,

Then "kling!" the hammers
beat,

And soon some heavy iron
things

Were fast to coltie's feet.

And as the coltie trotted home

Those heavy things would
strike,

"Click! click-clack!" on the
road; but this

He soon began to like.

"Click! click-clack!" through
the farmyard gate

That "click-clack!" told the
news.

"The coltie to the blacksmith
went.

The coltie has on shoes!"

ONE OF BARNEY'S JOKES.

“The children took me to the
woods,”
Said long-eared Barney
Gray.



COMING BACK WITH THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

“They said, ‘We’ll bring the
Christmas-tree
In Barney’s little sleigh.’
Big Brother helped, and soon
the tree

Was cut and placed within
The sleigh; and then, he-haw!
I planned
For my fun to begin.

I waited till the
children all
On tree and seat
were piled.

They called me
‘dear old pa-
tient thing,’
And said I
looked ‘so
mild.’

I knew a snowdrift
high and soft

Where I should have
my fun,
So jogged along and reached
the place;
Turn! jump! the deed was
done!

The sleigh was tipped and out
they went,

The tree and children four,
Just where the snow was soft
and deep;

Then down the road I tore.

"I pranced and galloped,
bounded, leaped,

Along the homeward track,
Then at the farm I meekly
stopped

And let them lead me back
To where the children laugh-
ing stood,

There in the snowy road,
Then I, at steady, jogging
pace

Brought safely home my
load."

"You naughty Barney," Dob-
bin said,

"Some trick you always
play.

I guess no lumps of sugar
sweet

Were given you to-day!"

"No sugar? Yes, indeed, I
had,

Three lumps, as I'm alive!
The darlings said I had been
good

In some parts of the drive!"



BARNEY HAS THREE LUMPS OF SUGAR.

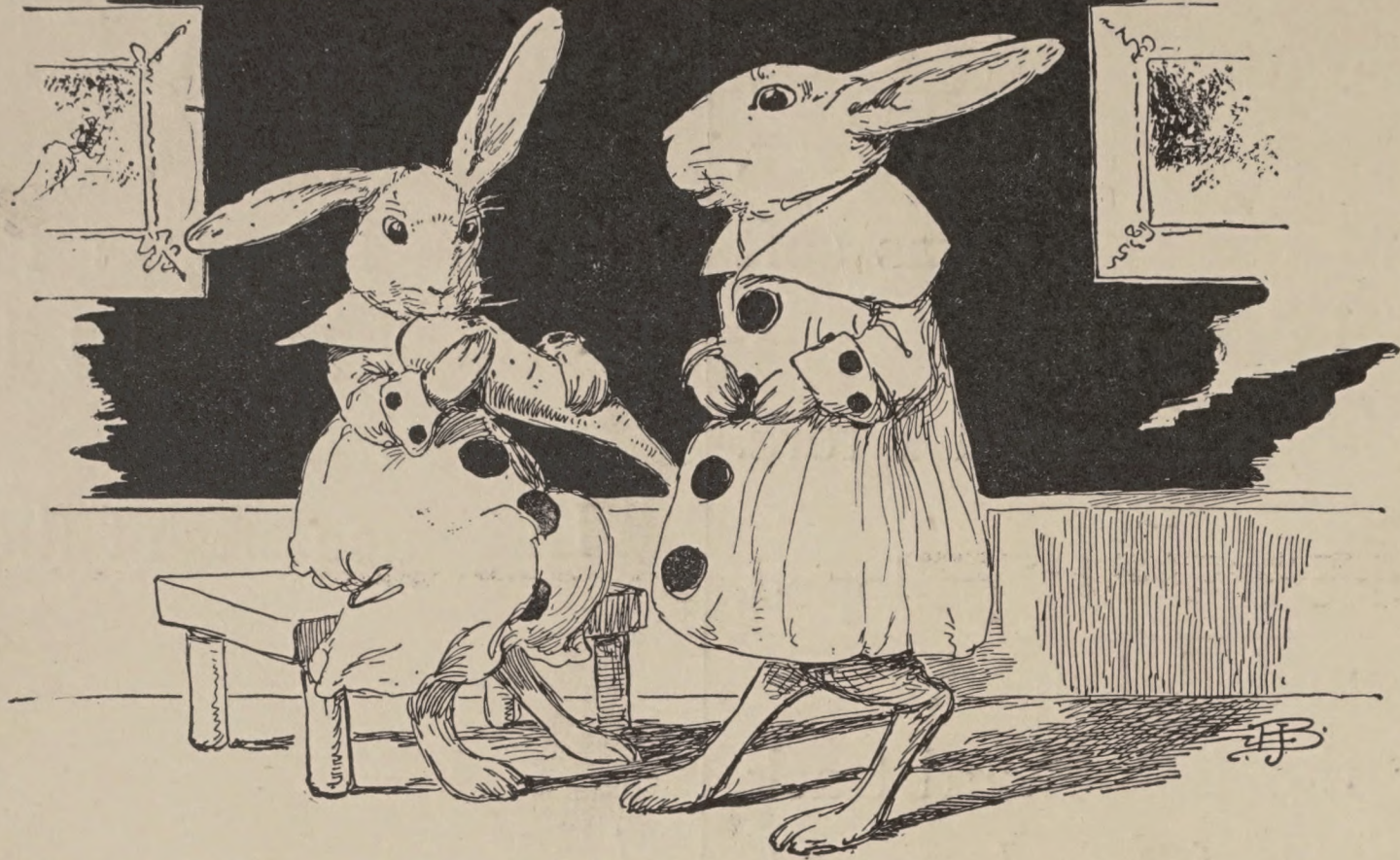
"He-haw!" laughed Barney,
"they like jokes

As I well understand,
They'd rather have me than
the best

Of donkeys in the land;
They would not like to have
me go

Always one steady way;
'Variety's the spice of life,'"
Said long-eared Barney Gray.

TROTTINO AND LAPINO.



TROTTINO.

HIS FAULTS.

There was once a mother-rabbit who had two little rabbit children. The older one was called Lapino and the other Trotтино.

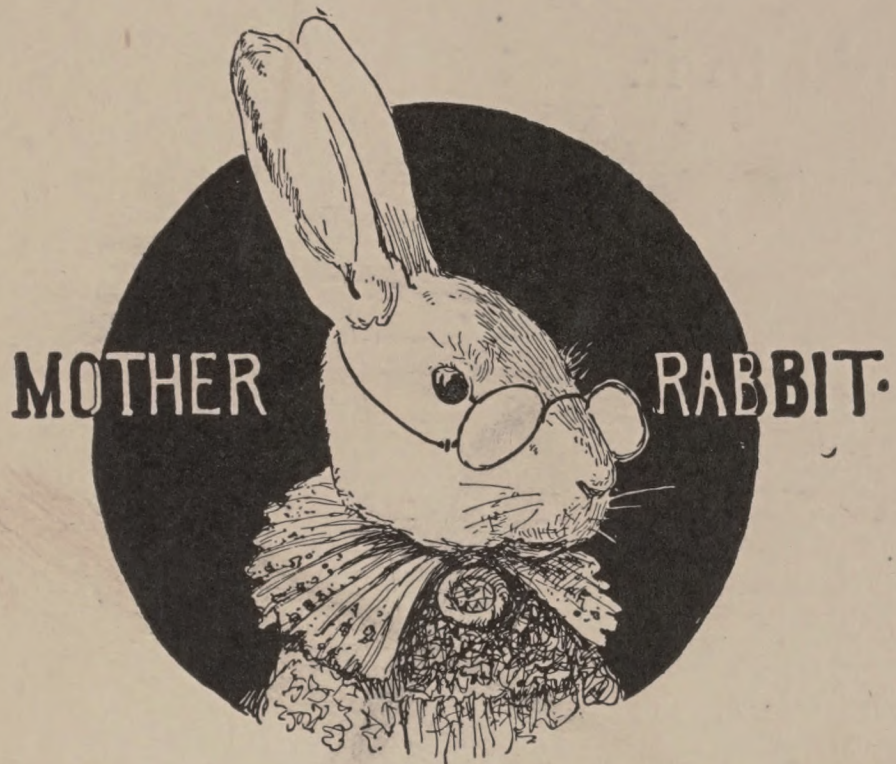
Lapino was a most lovable little rabbit. He was not only pretty, but good, also. Kind, obedient, good-humored, willing to give up to his little brother, and always ready to

help his mother, Lapino was a model for all little rabbits.

His mamma would have been the happiest of rabbit-mothers if Trotтино had been like his brother. But Trotтино, though he was a very good little rabbit in many ways, had great faults.

He was disobedient, Trotтино was; not from naughti-

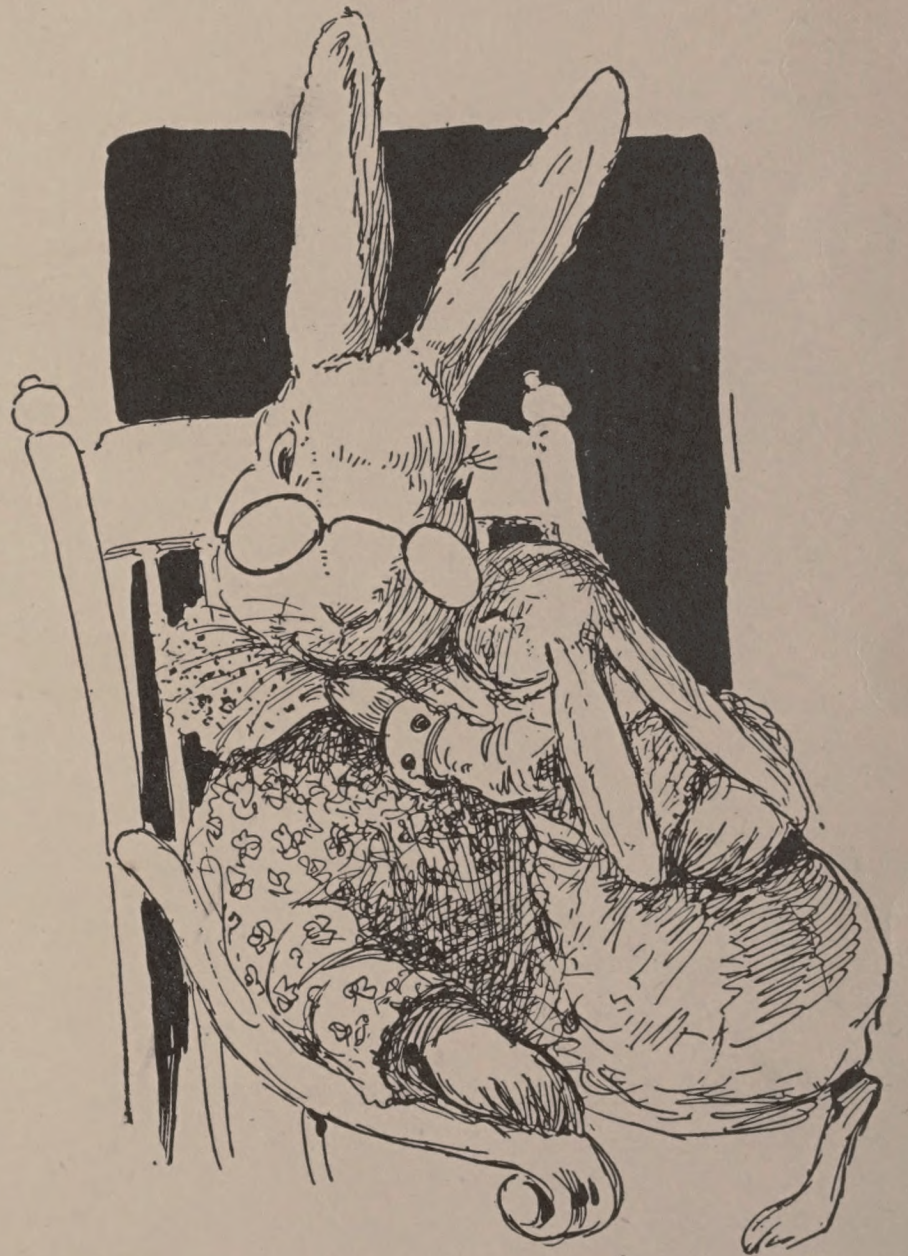
ness, but because he did not try to think. When he wanted to do something which



he thought would be "good fun," he forgot all about his mother's wishes. If he had been more thoughtful he would have heard a voice, the voice of his little rabbit-conscience, saying to him, "Don't do that, Trottino! It is naughty!" But alas! he did not think of these things.

Another fault of Trottino's was greediness. He had a kind heart and would some-

times go without a beautiful carrot, or a very tender cabbage leaf, in order that he might give it to some poor little rabbit who had nothing to eat. But he was too fond of dainty food, and his mamma often tried to make him ashamed of it and sorry for it.



ASKING PARDON.

At such times he would throw himself on her neck

TROTTINO.

and ask her pardon, and say to her, "I won't do so any more!" But he would do the same thing the very next time.

He did not seem to know

that a rabbit of honor ought to think well before giving his word, and that when his word was once given he ought to hold to it.



MOTHER RABBIT GOES TO MARKET.

Lapino and Trottino began to be large enough to eat alone, but they did not yet know much about plants, and so their mother had told them not to eat anything unless she gave it to them.

When the weather was fine she took her children out for a walk in a beautiful field where there were all sorts of plants, and she pointed out to them which were good; but the rabbits were forbidden to go out into the field alone.

One morning Mother Rabbit saw that her cupboard was empty. She said to Lapino, "My little Lapino, I must go to the town. Hurry, my child! Get up, and make your bed and your little brother's, and have the room all clean and tidy

when I get home. I will come back as soon as I can, and take you out for a nice walk in the sun. You, Trottino, be good, and mind your brother."

"Yes, mamma," replied the two children; and the mother



GOING TO MARKET.

rabbit, taking her big basket, hurried away.

Lapino arose. With his little paws he shook up the straw on which he had slept, and arranged it so that it had quite the air of a well-made

bed. Afterwards he carefully put the room in order.

Trottino did not usually trouble himself about such work, so Lapino was astonished to see him give all this help, and praised him for being kind and working well.

But if Trottino helped about



the house it was not for the sake of gaining compliments; he had another idea. When all the work was done he sat down in the open doorway of the house.

“Oh! do come and see, Lapino, how fine the weather is!” cried he to his brother.

“Very fine,” answered Lapino; “when mamma comes home, and after she has taken a little rest, I shall be glad to go out of doors.”

“Poor mamma! It is true that she will be very tired. She will have to rest a long while, and we shall have scarcely any time for our walk! What if it should rain?”

“That would be very provoking; but why do you think it will rain?”

“Because — because — I have heard Mr. Grisonnet, who is a very wise rabbit, say that when it is clear in the morning it often rains before night. It seems to me that there are clouds already! Come and see!”

Trottino slipped outside and went several steps away. Lapino followed him, but only as far as the door.

MOTHER RABBIT GOES TO MARKET.

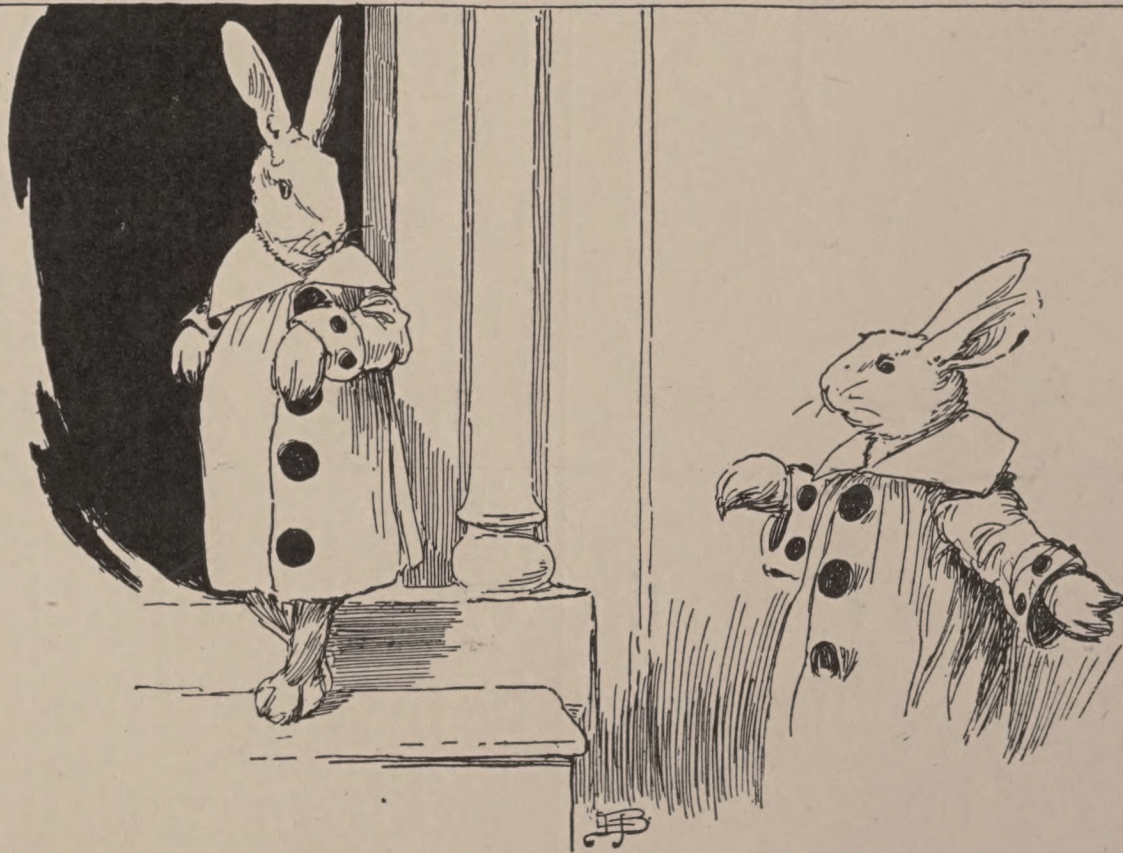
“I do not see any clouds,” said he. “But where are you going, Trottino? Come back quickly! You know very well that we are not large enough to go out alone!”

“Oh! not last week, perhaps; but we have grown since then! My legs are stiff from staying in the house so long. I need to run.”

“Oh, well! Run a little before the door, but do not go far.”

“I do not know how to play all alone! I get tired of it! Dear Lapino, come; play with me. I will be good. I will not run away at all. If you knew how I long to play leap-frog!”

“COME, PLAY WITH ME . I WILL BE GOOD.” ©



LAPINO AND TROTTINO STRAY AWAY.

“Well, I’ll come, then; but we must stay near the house,” said Lapino.

So he went and played leap-frog; and he was thinking so



much of taking care of his little brother and keeping close to him, that he did not see how Trottino was gradually leading him farther and farther from home.

He stopped the game suddenly, however, because he found himself near a flight of steps which looked strange to him.

“Where have you brought me, Trottino?” said he, in an anxious tone. “We must go back home. What will mamma say if she does not find us there when she returns?”

“Bah! She won’t say anything, because we will be there. Don’t you see where our door is? It isn’t far. We have still time to play; it isn’t long since mamma went away. Oh! What beautiful lettuce! Surely that must be tender!”

There was, indeed, at the foot of the flight of steps, a basket full of lettuce. The woman who owned it had gone

into the house to sell vegetables to the cook, and she had left her largest basket at the door while she went in. Trot-tino, greedy rascal, was nibbling as fast as he could at the best head of lettuce in her basket.

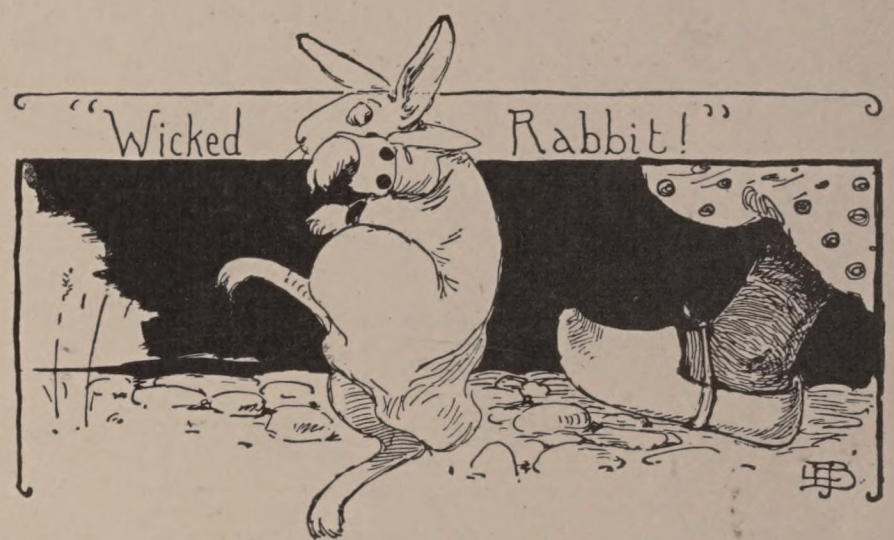
“Fie, Trot-tino! What are you doing there?” cried his brother. “If mamma should see you she would say that you were stealing, and that thieves deserved to go to prison between two policemen!”

“What crisp lettuce!” replied Trot-tino. “Mamma never brings us anything but the outside leaves; and the heart is the best part!”

As Trot-tino said this he received a kick which sent him rolling over toward his brother, while an angry voice called out:

“Wicked rabbit! A thief of a rabbit! Good only to be made into a stew!”

The woman who owned the vegetables had come out of the house and had seen him eating her lettuce. Of course she did not like that at all; and, as she had wooden shoes on, her kick pained Trot-tino very much, so that he ran away, groaning.



Lapino had not been kicked, but he was greatly frightened. The two children had now only one idea—to flee from the woman with the wooden shoes; and so in their terror they ran farther and farther still from home.

The poor little things ran so fast they were quite out of breath; but they did not dare

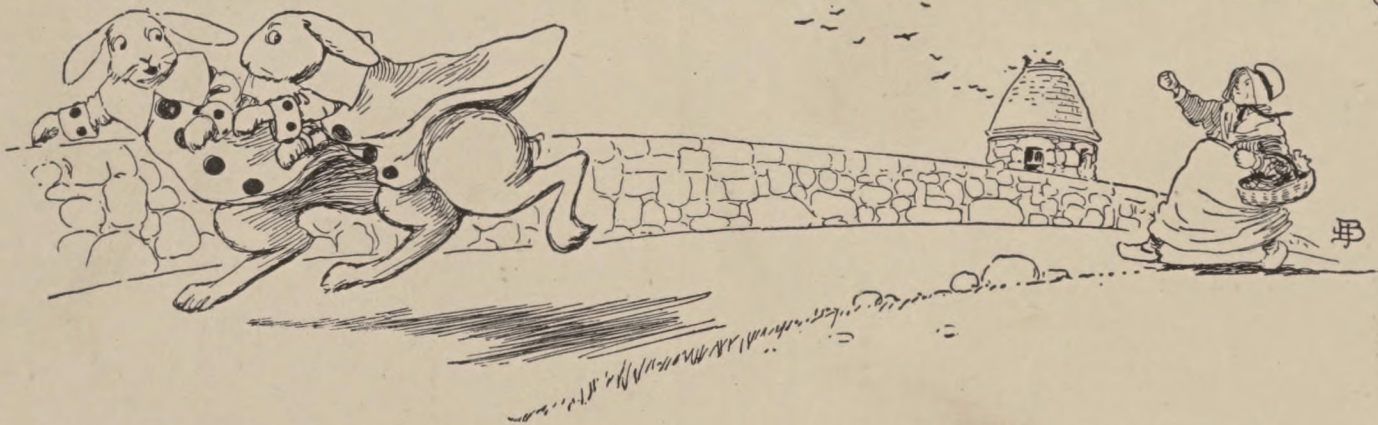
stop an instant to rest. For whenever they looked back, as they did now and then, they saw the old woman, with the dreadful wooden shoe still thrust out.

They could hear her shouting, again and again, "Wicked rabbit! A thief of a rabbit! Good only to be made into a stew!" How angry she was!

How gladly would she have given Trottino another kick!

By and by her cry grew faint; then it ceased altogether. They turned a corner in the lane, and came to a wide green meadow. Their legs ached with running so fast and so far; and they had scarcely one bit of breath left.

FLEEING FROM THE WOMAN WITH WOODEN SHOES.



“You do not know them; but I know them very well.”



TROTTINO EATS THE POISONOUS HEMLOCK.

Lapino stopped first.
“Where is our house now?”
cried he, trembling.

“I don’t know. Oh how
she hurt me! that ugly
woman!”

“See, Trottino; let us try
to find our house again.
Mamma will be so anxious!
I believe it is on this side.
You remember that big tree,
don’t you?”

“Yes! yes! Our house is
right near the tree. We will

be there very quickly; let me
rest a little. Mamma has
never brought us here.”

“It is not prettier than our
meadow, and there are plants
growing here that we do not
know.”

“You — you do not know
them; but I know them very
well. Look! There is some
wild thyme! That’s some-
thing very delicious!”

“Yes, I believe it really is
wild thyme; but mamma has

forbidden us to eat plants which she has not given us herself. You have had a good breakfast, Trottino. You do not need that wild thyme."

"I have breakfasted; but I have taken exercise since, so that I am now hungry again. Aren't you hungry, too?"

"Yes, I am hungry; but we must not disobey mamma. Let us go home quickly. Perhaps she has come back again, and then she will give us something to eat."

"Pretty soon. My paws are trembling. I have been so frightened! I shall have to eat a morsel to gain a little strength;" and Trottino, going into the grass still wet with dew, began to nibble the wild thyme.

Lapino shook his long ears with a troubled air. He would have liked to go back home

and leave Trottino alone; but he stayed, thinking he could perhaps keep the giddy little fellow from doing more foolish and naughty things. He called to his brother every now and then, but Trottino was eating as fast as he could and would not stop.

Suddenly, however, he cried out: "Oh! Lapino! What beautiful parsley! I never saw any so large!"

"Are you quite sure that it is parsley? Parsley is not so tall."

"It is because this is unusually fine and good! Taste a little and you will see."

"I don't want to. It is wrong for you to eat it. Come, let's go."

"When I have had enough parsley. It is delicious!"

"Oh! Trottino! If mamma knew!"

TROTTINO EATS THE POISONOUS HEMLOCK.

“O, well! She won't know. At least, unless you are going to tell her, you horrid old tell-tale!”

“You know very well that I am not a tell-tale. But it is naughty to disobey. Do come, little brother.”





THE RETURN HOME.

Lapino looked so sad that Trotto was touched. "Very well," said he, "let's go home. Besides, I can't eat any more. What a pity! It was so good — that wild thyme — and that parsley!"

Lapino thought to himself that it was a very naughty thing to be greedy. Happily, Trotto was still young; there was hope that he might improve.

They had scarcely reached home when Mother Rabbit arrived. Lapino, who stood at the doorway, saw her coming.

"There is mamma!" he cried. "There is mamma, Trotto! Are you going to meet her?"

"I am tired. I am resting," replied Trotto in a weak voice.

"Oh! how you look! Are you sick, poor little fellow?"

“Why, no, indeed! A person can be tired without being sick, can't he? Don't tell mamma that I am sick, above all!”

Lapino said nothing, but went to meet Mother Rabbit, who kissed him and asked if he had been good.

“Very good, mamma,” replied Lapino.

The mother rabbit also asked Trottino; who answered, but without looking at her, that he also had been very good. Then he rolled himself up in a corner while Lapino helped Mother Rabbit take the provisions out of her basket.

Soon Mother Rabbit had a nice dinner ready. Lapino ate with a fine appetite. Trottino tried to eat, too, but he could not. He felt sick. His stomach ached and his head

was dizzy. At length he could bear the pain no longer. He threw himself on the ground and rolled about, uttering pitiful cries.

“What is the matter, my dear little Trottino? What is the matter, my dear child?” cried the good rabbit mother, running to him.

“Oh! dear, dear!” groaned Trottino. “I have a pain here — and here! It is like some fierce animal biting me, Oh! oh! oh!”



“What has happened to you? What have you done while I was gone? Have you eaten something poisonous?”

THE RETURN HOME.

Lapino, tell me, what is the matter?"

Lapino turned away his face. He remembered that his brother had called him a "horrid tell-tale," and he did not want to say anything.

"But there isn't anything poisonous around here," continued Mother Rabbit. "Did

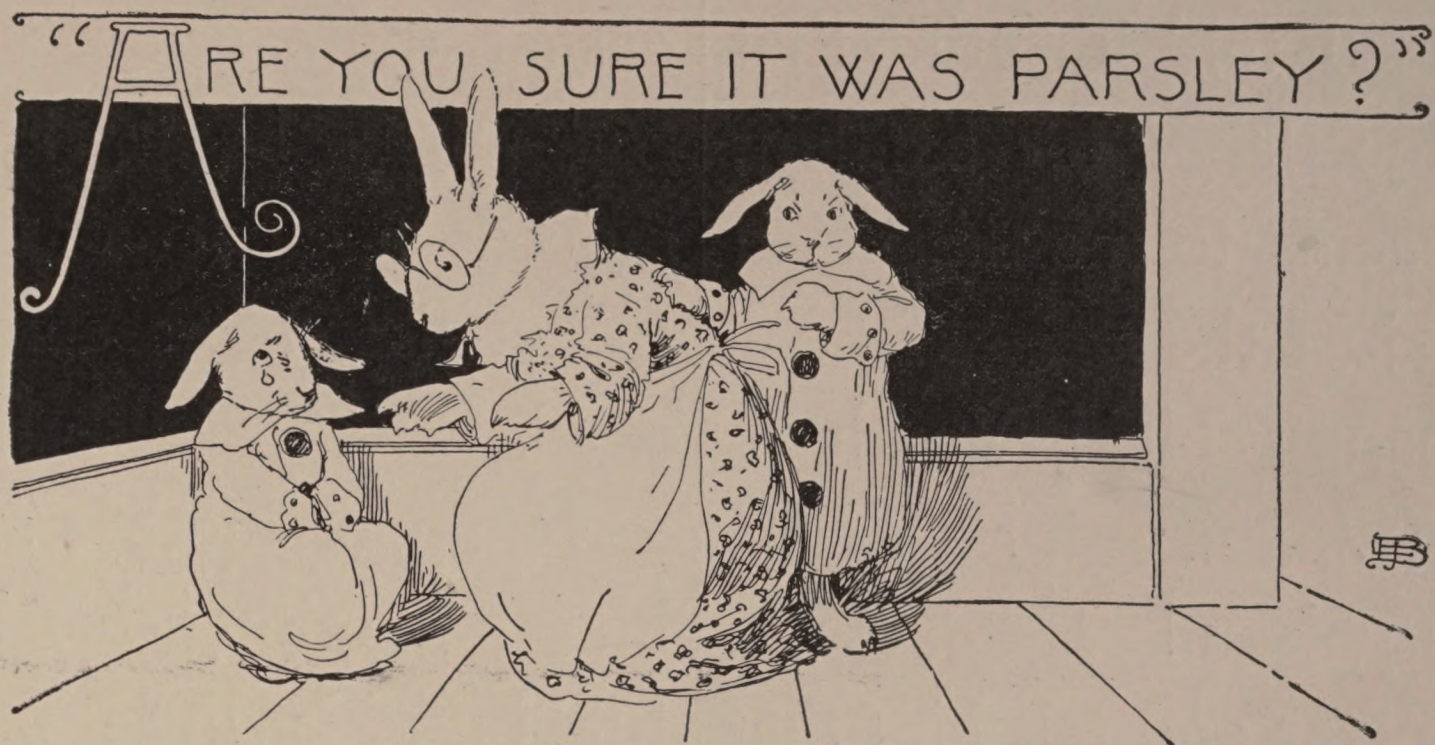
you go out? I distinctly forbade that!"

Both the rabbits lowered their ears with a confused air.

"You did go out? What else did you do? Did you eat anything in the meadow?"

Lapino still hesitated to speak.





TROTTINO CONFESSES.

“Not Lapino, mamma! *He* did not!” said Trottino, driven by remorse and trying to be brave.

“You only, then? What have you eaten? Tell me quickly, my poor little one. I must know in order to take care of you and cure you.”

When she said this Trottino redoubled his groans. It was hard to confess, but he gasped out in broken sentences while the tears dropped from his eyes:

“We went — in a meadow. I ate — some wild thyme. Lapino didn’t want me to. Oh! what a pain I have! Mamma, do help me! Do!”

“My poor little fellow! Didn’t you eat anything but the wild thyme?”

“Yes — some splendid parsley. I never saw any so fine. It tasted so very good!”

“Some splendid parsley! Lapino, did *you* see it? Are you sure it was parsley?”

“I don’t think it was,

mamma. I told Trottino that it was too large for parsley; and it seems to me the smell was not just the same, either”

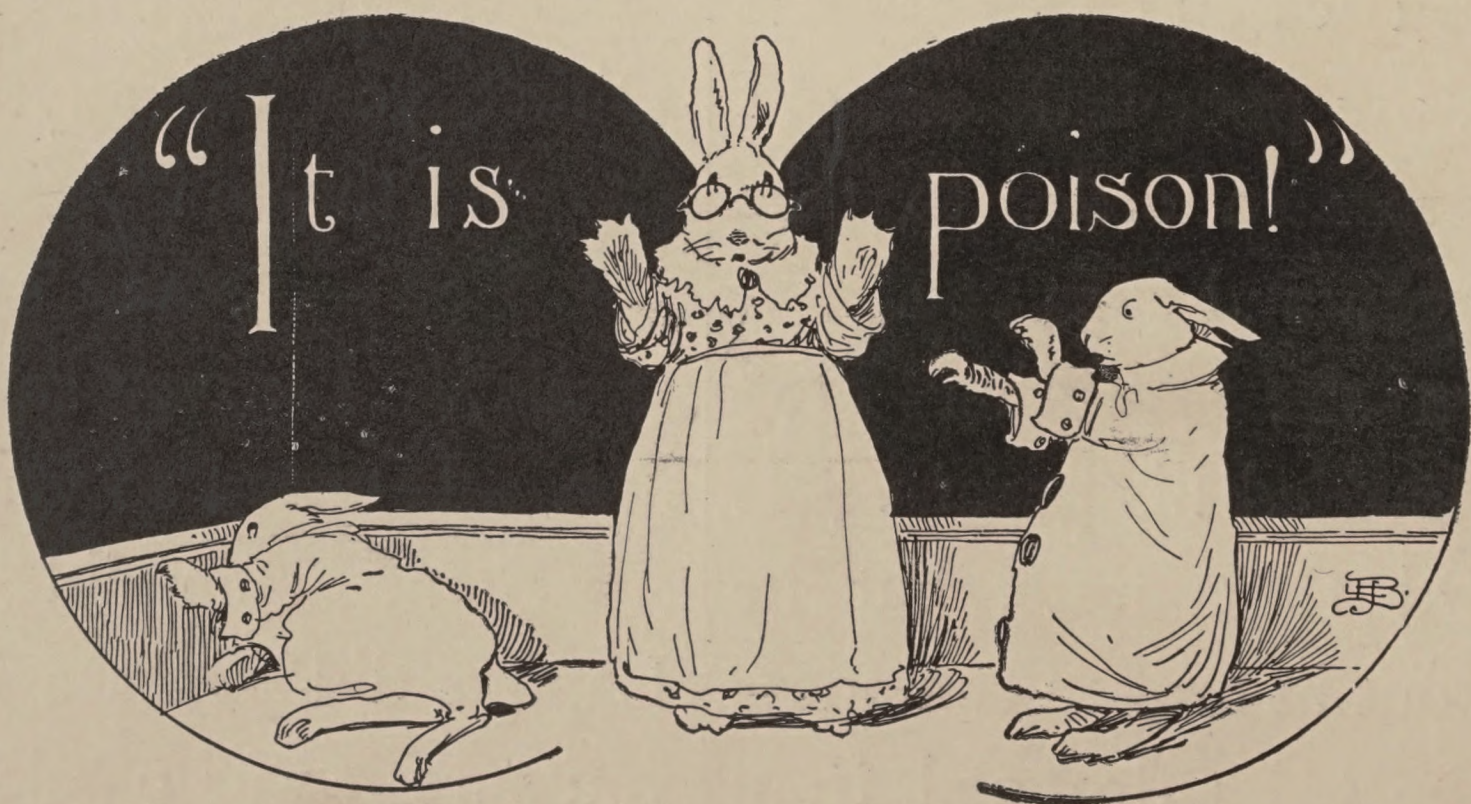
“Unhappy child! You have mistaken *hemlock* for parsley, and it is poison! Lapino, run to the doctor and tell him that your little brother has poisoned himself. I will do the best I can for him while you are gone. But hasten, dear child, there is not a moment to be lost.”

Trottino sank down in one

corner quite senseless. Now and then he moaned, and moved a foot or an ear. Otherwise he seemed to be dead.

His poor mother stood over him, smoothing his head and rubbing his little paws, now one and now another, and longing for the doctor to come.

Once Trottino aroused sufficiently to say again: “O, what a pain I have. Mamma, do help me! Do!”



THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

Lapino ran as fast as he could and soon came to the house of the rabbit-doctor, who was just finishing his dinner.

The doctor wanted to give some of his dessert to Lapino, whom he knew to be a good little rabbit — very polite and well-bred; but when he was told that Trottino had poisoned himself, he quickly caught up



his hat and cane, and started out with Lapino, taking care to carry some medicine with him, so that they should not

have to lose time in going to the druggist's.

They found Trottino a little better. His mother had put him to bed and given him a hot drink, then rubbed him well and covered him up warmly. But he was quite weak and ached all over, and he felt very sick indeed.

He held out his little paw to the doctor, who felt his pulse and said that he must swallow some medicine at once. Trottino drank a mouthful, but then pushed the cup away with disgust, saying, "It is nasty!"

"What! 'It is nasty!'" mimicked the doctor, in his gruffest tones. "You deserve to have it ten times as nasty, naughty, greedy child! You

must drink it right down. The sickness and the medicine are your punishment for being disobedient. Come! hurry up! you must drink it to get cured. And," he added, in a softer tone, "you



must drink it to please your poor mamma, to whom you have brought so much trouble. See! she is crying."

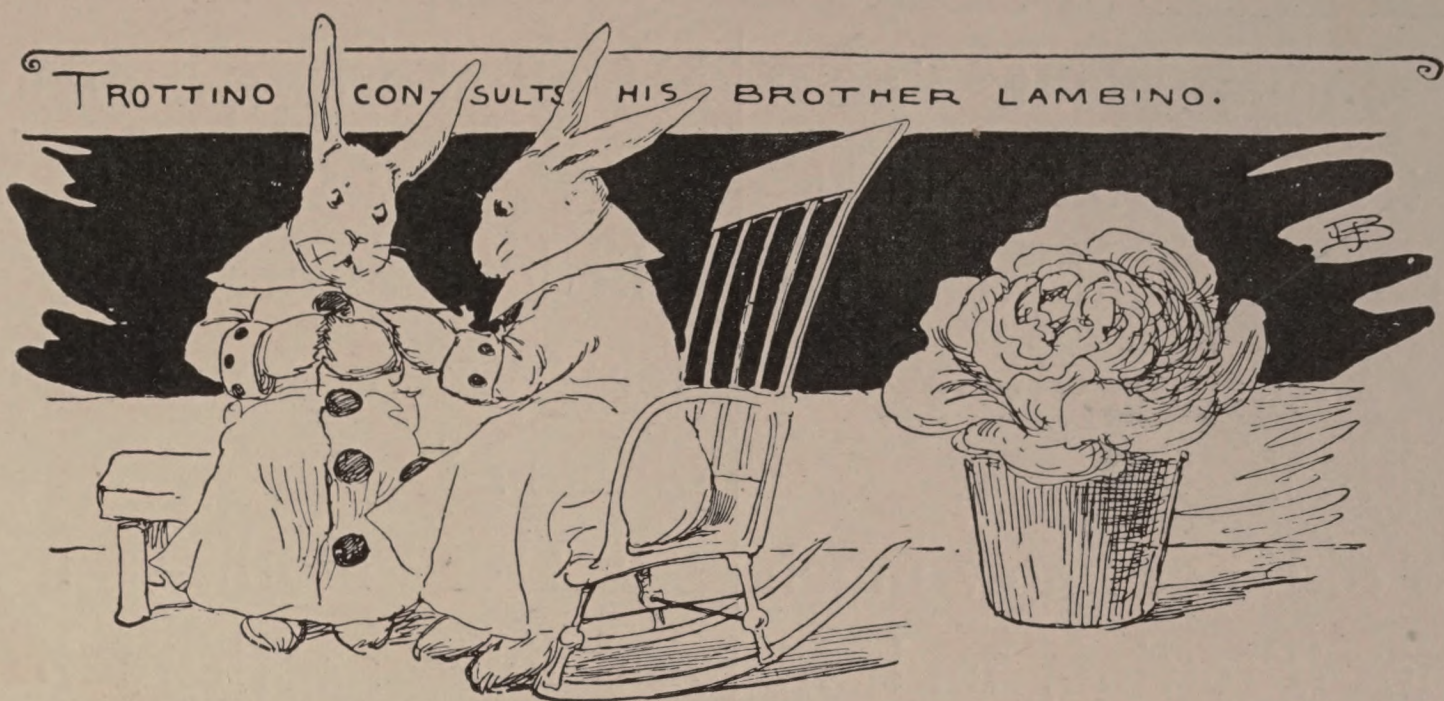
That decided Trottino. He took the cup and drained it to



the bottom, without making a face.

When he had finished he threw his two paws around his mother's neck, and said to her, weeping —

"Forgive me, mamma; I will never do so any more!"



TROTТИНО WELL AGAIN.

Trottino got well; and, what is better still, he was also cured of his disobedience and his greediness.

Mother Rabbit had often said to him, "Don't eat this." "Don't eat that." "It will make you sick!" but he had never really believed it. Now he knew that what she had told him was true, and he obeyed much more quickly and cheerfully than he had done before.

After his experience with

the hemlock new ideas arose in Trottino's little rabbit-brain.

"There are, then," he thought, "some plants which are good to eat, and others which are dangerous, which make little rabbits sick and even make them die sometimes.

"How ought one to set about learning about these things? By tasting each plant a little and so finding out which are good and which not? But in this way one would be made sick each time he tasted

of a poisonous plant. That would be terrible, that would!"

Trottino consulted his brother. Trottino often consulted Lapino.

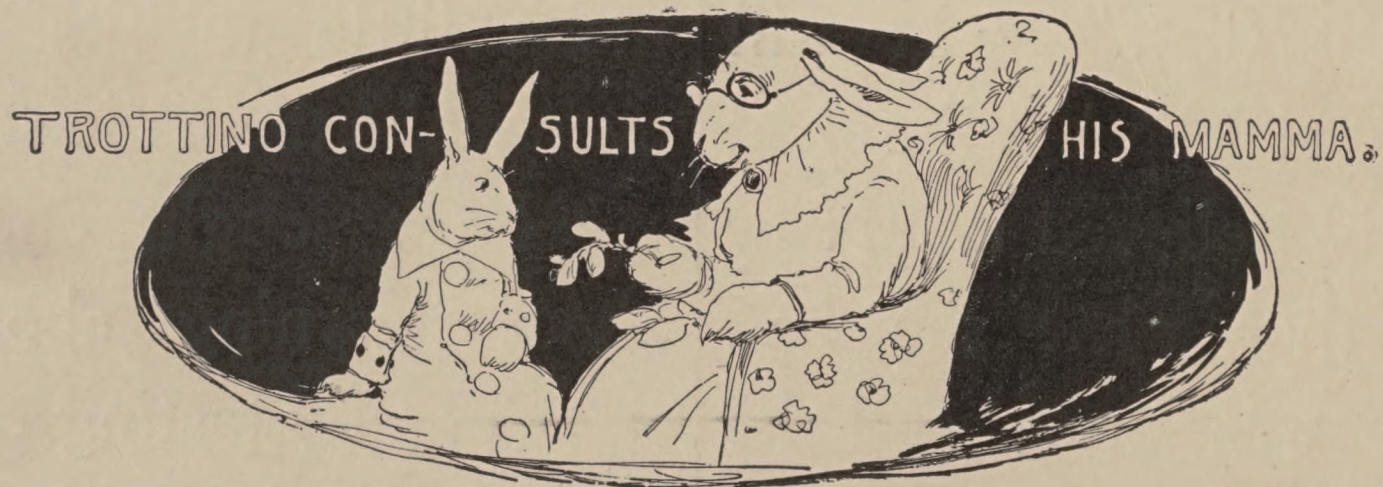
Lapino did not know much more than Trottino, and he advised his brother not to trouble his head about such things.

But Trottino was eager to learn, so he questioned his mamma, who told him that her own mother had taught

her all she knew about plants.

"And Grandmamma" — asked Trottino, "who showed her which were the good plants?"

"Her mother, my child. As long as there have been plants and rabbits, the rabbit-mothers have instructed their children; then when these children were grown up and had little rabbits of their own, they in turn taught what they had learned."

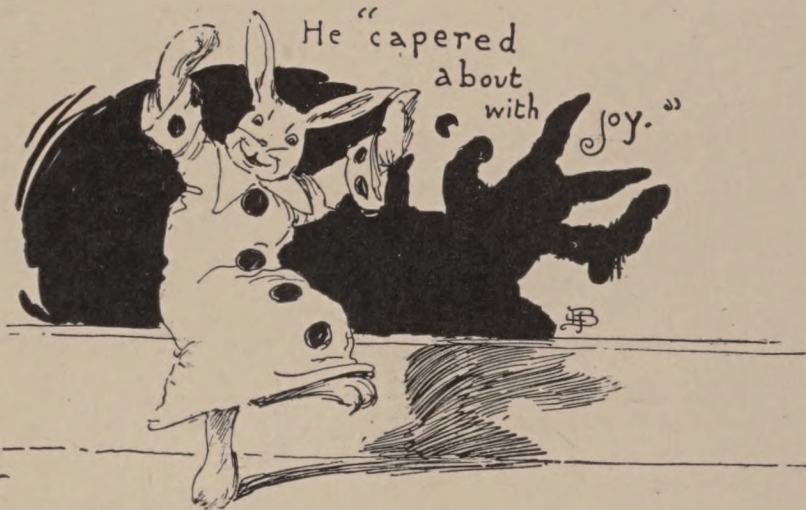


TROTTINO LEARNS MUCH FROM HIS MOTHER.

“And you will teach me all you know, mamma?”

“Certainly, my little one.”

Trottino was delighted, and capered about with joy. Then



he began to help his mother about the house so that they could all go to walk sooner, and he worked just as well as Lapino.

When all was in order, they set out for a pleasant walk. As soon as they had reached the meadow, Trottino began to search out different plants and to ask questions.

“What is the name of this plant, mamma? What is the name of that? Is this good to eat? Do you think that one is poisonous?”

Mother Rabbit replied to him very patiently and told him interesting things about many of the plants which they saw; but Trottino was a little surprised to hear her sometimes answer, “I do not know.” Trottino had thought that his mother knew everything. However, as he paid great attention to what she did tell him, he soon knew a great deal, for she was a well-instructed rabbit who had lived in different places where there were all sorts of plants.

Trottino had sharp eyes and

TROTTINO LEARNS MUCH FROM HIS MOTHER.

a fine sense of smell. He spied the good plants long before his mother and brother, and it was his delight to call them to share in what he found.

Indeed, it was now to be seen that Trottino was very intelligent. In a fortnight he

had become more learned than his mother.

Human children have to spend a great deal more time than that in order to know as much as their mothers; but then, men and women need to learn so many more things than rabbits do.





MR. GRISONNET.

Mr. Grisonnet was a wise rabbit. He was not handsome, with his gray and somewhat rough rabbit-wool, but he had a kind face and friendly ways. He was on very good terms with Lapino and Trottino, and always stopped to chat with them and their mother when he met the family in the fields.

One day as he was leaping leisurely along a hedge with his thoughts upon a rare plant which he had just been examining, he heard a voice calling to him, "Hey! Mr. Grisonnet!"

Turning about he saw Mother Rabbit at a little distance, with Lapino and Trottino at her side.

"Can you point out to us a place where there is some nice tender thyme?" said she to him. "What we find here is too old."

"Yes, come with me, neighbor; I will lead you to an excellent place," replied the old rabbit.

So off they all started together, Mr. Grisonnet and Mother Rabbit leaping gently

along at a steady pace across the field, and the little ones frisking around them. Sometimes Lapino and Trottino would play a game of leapfrog



and get far ahead; then off they would go, chasing each other, sidewise and back and all around; and if you had tried to count them, you would have said, "There are two large rabbits, but I don't know how many little ones!"

At last Mr. Grisonnet stopped before a beautiful bank where thyme and other herbs were thickly growing. "Ah! what a feast," said

Mother Rabbit. "Let us all enjoy it."

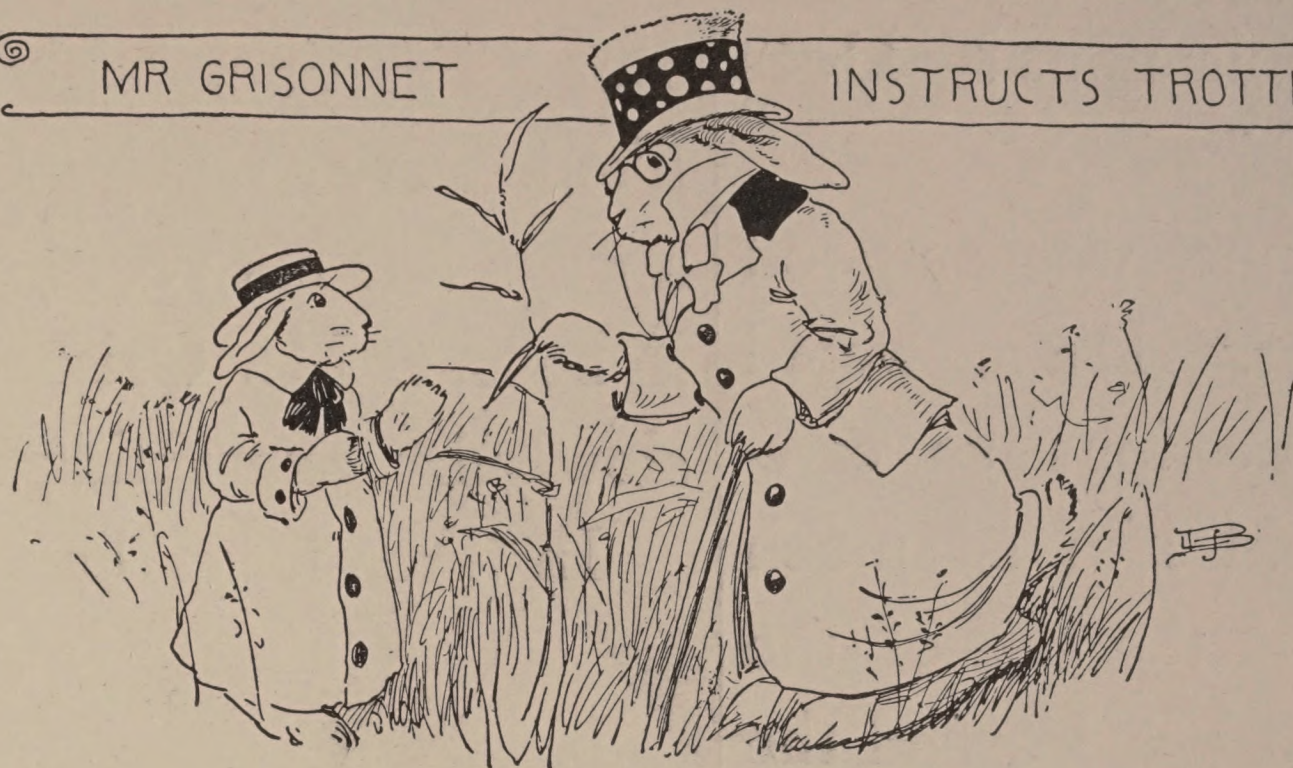
So each one began to nibble, taking care to thank their kind old friend for the treat he had given them. After a while, Mr. Grisonnet stopped, with a grave air, to gaze at a little plant. Trottino, who was very curious, asked him what he was looking at.

"It is a lesser centaury," replied Mr. Grisonnet. "I've never seen it about here before."

"A lesser centaury! What a funny name!" said Trottino. "Is it good to eat?"

"No, it has not a good taste; but it cures fever." Trottino opened his eyes wide.

What! A plant which cured fever! — Could that really be true?



TROTTINO STUDIES WITH MR. GRISONNET.

“After all,” thought Trottino, as he walked along with Mr. Grisonnet, “why should there not be plants which can cure as well as plants which can make you ill?” There were dangerous plants, like the hemlock—Trottino knew *that*, very well; and if there were others which could cure, he would be glad to know about them. So he determined to

learn all he could about plants, especially those which were useful as medicine. And who could teach him better than his wise old friend, Mr. Grisonnet?

So Trottino kept close beside Mr. Grisonnet, and did not fail to notice everything that the older rabbit noticed.

Trottino would ask: “What is the name of this plant, Mr.

Grisonnet? What is it good for? Is it poisonous? Does it cure fever?"

Mr. Grisonnet was as good as he was wise. He answered Trottino's questions so carefully, and told him so much besides, that at the end of the walk Trottino had learned the names and properties of a dozen plants. In later walks he learned much more.

Rabbits grow more quickly than children. At the end of some weeks Lapino and Trottino were trusted to go about by themselves.

Good Mother Rabbit was getting older now, and became easily fatigued. She liked to stay at home, seated in her easy chair and comfortably knitting or sewing, while Lapino and Trottino went to run and play in the fields.

Often they met companions

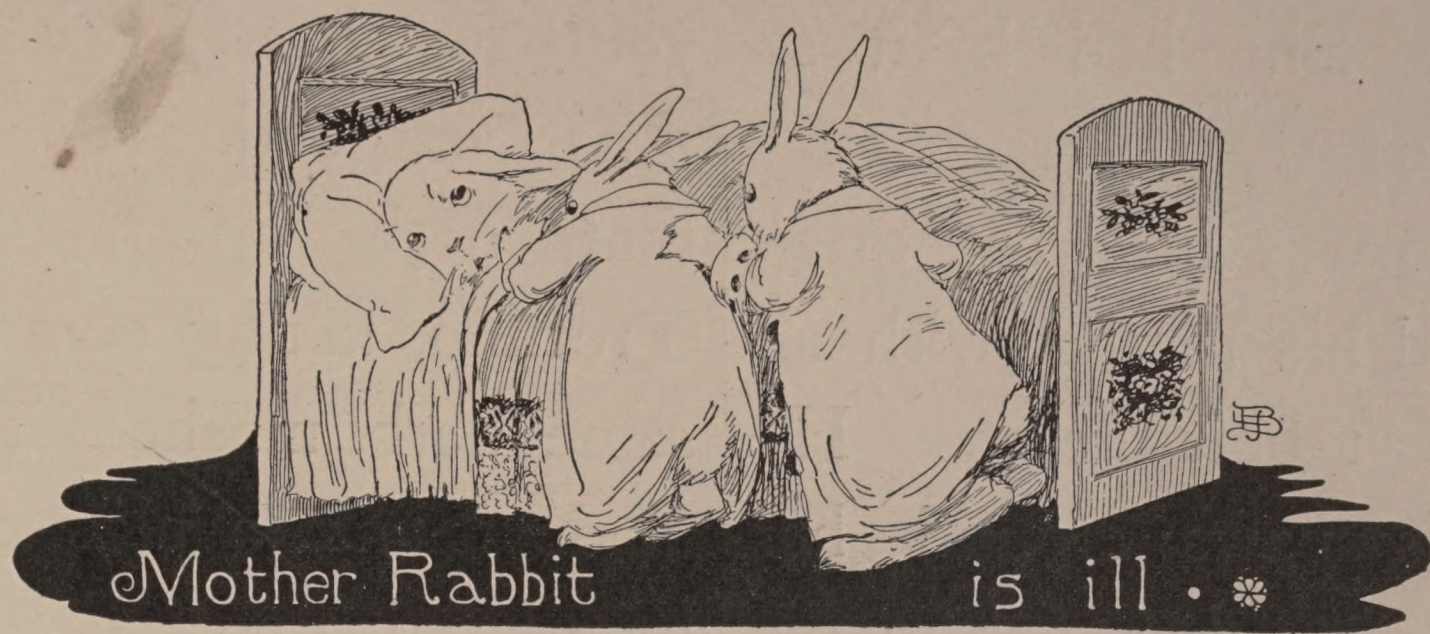
there and made happy parties. But Trottino, although he liked very much to frolic, always left his younger friends if he saw Mr. Grisonnet pass slowly by, examining plants.

In three leaps he would be

Getting older.



with him, and Mr. Grisonnet was delighted to have him as companion. Mr. Grisonnet loved to teach and Trottino to be taught, so it is no wonder that the little rabbit learned quickly. Mr. Grisonnet was continually surprised at Trottino's progress.



TROTTINO USES HIS KNOWLEDGE.

One day Lapino and Trot-
tino were returning home after
a long walk. They were al-
ways careful to get back at
the hour their mother expected
them, so that she should not
be anxious, and they generally
found her sitting in the door-
way watching for them. This
time, however, there was no
Mother Rabbit in sight; and
as they drew nearer they heard
cries which came from the back
of the house. Seized with
fear, they ran forward; and
entering their home, found

Mother Rabbit lying on the
bed moaning with pain.

When she saw Lapino and
Trottino she tried to rise,
saying,

“Ah! my dear little ones,
here you are at last. I feared
I should not see you again.”

The two little ones began
to cry and then they asked
what had happened. They
saw blood on several parts of
her body. The poor rabbit
told them that a wicked dog
had bitten her. How she ever
got away from him she could

not tell. She had been so frightened!

Lapino was in great grief. He loved his mother with all his little rabbit heart. He threw his paws around her neck, begging her not to die and leave them; and then he began to lick her wounds so as to ease her pain a little.

But where has Trottino gone? Does he not love his mother? Will he not try to help her, too?

Trottino had indeed gone out and left his mother, but it was with a wise and loving purpose. He now came toiling in, carrying a great bundle of herbs which he had gathered.

“Have no fear, mother,” said he; “you shall not die. I have something to cure you with. Lapino, wash the parts which bleed, quickly. Oh!

you have already licked them? That is good. Then break that herb up fine.” And Trottino, taking some of the same herb, mashed it up and made it into a plaster. This he placed upon the wounds. O, joy! The dear Mother



Rabbit was soon in a gentle sleep.

When she awoke, she was better; and in a few days the tender care of her children cured her. When the neighbors came to inquire after their wounded friend Lapino loved

to tell them that it was Trot-
tino — little Trottino — who
had known what to do for his
mother, and had brought the
healing plants.

“How did the idea come to
you,” asked an old rabbit one
day curiously, “to learn about
plants which are not good to
eat?”

“It is because I once poi-
soned myself with hemlock,”
replied Trottino. “That made
me notice plants; so I was

glad to learn about them, and
dear, good Mr. Grisonnet was
willing to teach me.”

“But it is very plain that he
has profited by other lessons
as well as mine,” said Mr.
Grisonnet, coming up at that
moment. “For instead of the
once disobedient, greedy and
thoughtless Trottino, we have
here a good and wise little
rabbit, who is a joy to his fam-
ily and a credit to the rabbit
race.”

From the French of Madam Colomb.

PUSSY WHITE'S ANSWER.

Tell me truly, Pussy White,
Whither did you go last night?
“I went round the Miller's
house,
But I found no rat or mouse.

All I found was—listen now!—
A little, little,
small, small,
tiny, tiny,
‘Bow-wow-wow!’”

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

An old Jack-o'-lantern lay on
the ground ;
He looked at the Moon-man,
yellow and round.

The old Jack-o'-lantern gazed
and he gazed,
And still as he looked he grew
more amazed.

Then said Jack-o'-lantern,
“ How can it be
That fellow up there looks so
much like me ?

“ I s'pose he must be a brother
of mine,
And somebody cut *him, too,*
from the vine.

“ He looks very grand up
there in the sky ;
But I know just how 'twill be,
by and by.



“ He's proud of his shining, I
have no doubt,
But just wait until *his* candle
goes out ! ”



The Pigeon and the Owl



There once was a Pigeon, as
I have heard say,

Who wished to be wise;
She thought to herself: "I
will go to the Owl,

Perhaps he'll advise;
And if all he tells me I care-
fully do
I'll surely get wisdom." Away
then she flew.

When little Miss Pigeon ar-
rived at the barn
She found the Owl there.

Most humbly she cooed out
her wish; but the Owl
Did nothing but stare.

"Well, well!" thought Miss
Pigeon, "of course I can
wait;

I won't interrupt him; his wis-
dom is great."

She waited and waited. At
last the Owl blinked,
And deigned a remark:

THE PIGEON AND THE OWL.

“You’ll never be wise, foolish
Pigeon, unless

You stay in the dark,
And stretch your small eyes,
and fly out in the night,
And cry ‘Hoo-hoo-hoo!’ with
all of your might.”

So little Miss Pigeon to prac-
tise began ;

But all she could do
Her eyes would not stretch,
and her voice would not
change

Its soft, gentle coo ;

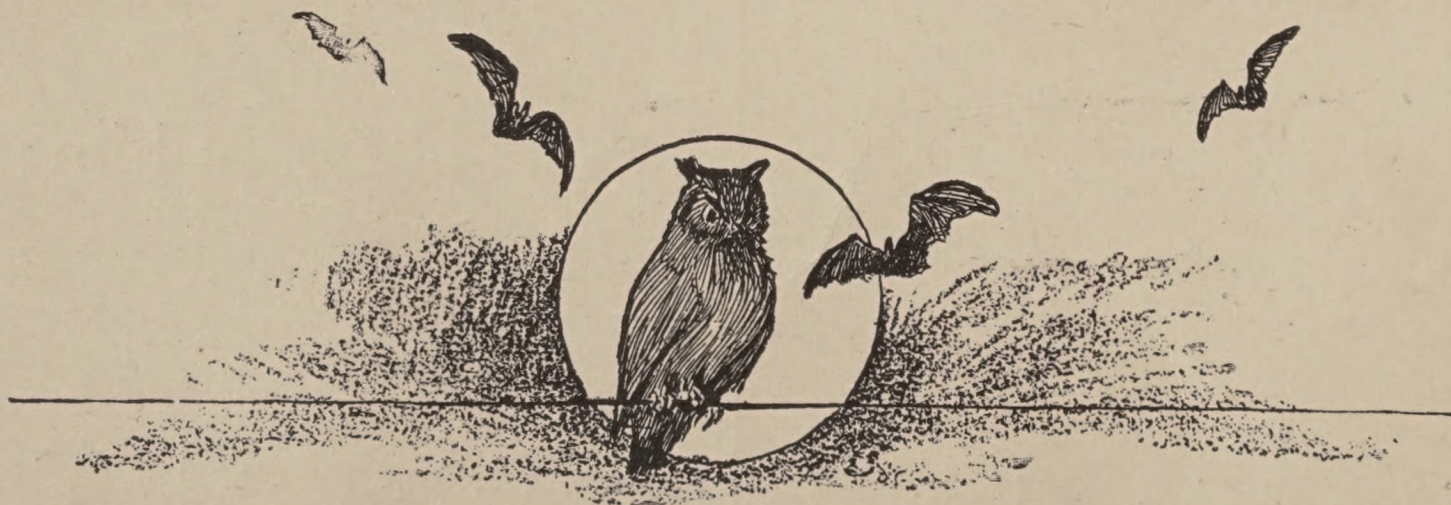
And she caught a sad cold from
the night’s damp and chill,
And, lacking sunshine besides,
she fell ill.

Then little Miss Pigeon gave
up being wise :

“For, plainly,” said she,
“Though owls are the wisest
of birds, theirs is not

The wisdom for me ;
So I’ll be the very best Pigeon
I can.”

And what do you think ? She
grew wise on that plan !





MINNA'S THANKSGIVING.

A little maiden once there was
Who heard her mother say
Upon a bright November
morn :

“ This is Thanksgiving Day.”

In little Minna's grateful heart
There dawned a purpose new ;

“ Then if this is Thanksgiving
Day

I know what I will do.”

She wrapped her in a cloak so
warm

And tied her little hood,
And to the barn did Minna

run

As quickly as she could.

And straight she went to
where the cows
Stood each within its stall ;
And said, and stroked their
sides the while :

“ I've come to thank you all.

“ I know you give us every day
The fresh sweet milk we
drink ;

And cream and butter too, and
cheese ;

You're *very* good, I think.”

Then Minna crossed the barn,
to speak

To Dick, the good old
horse :

MINNA'S THANKSGIVING.

“O, Dick! when I am giving
thanks

I'll thank you, too, of course.

“No matter what the time of
year,

You work and work all day ;

In Spring you drag the heavy
plough,

In Summer loads of hay.

“You take the bags of grain
to mill,

You bring the flour back ;

And from the forest cart the
wood,

However rough the track.

“For all these things, you dear
old Dick,

I've come my thanks to
pay ;

I thought of it when mother
said

‘This is Thanksgiving Day.’”

Then down the dim and dusty
barn

Did Minna trip along

To where the sheep were hud-
dled close,

A gentle, woolly throng

She patted them with loving
hand,

The sheep stood unafraid ;

“Thank you for all my nice
warm clothes,”

Then said the little maid.

With smiling face, and having
still

Her grateful thoughts in
mind,

Next to the farmyard Minna
went

Her feathered friends to find.

With cluck and cackle, all the
hens

Soon gathered at her feet;

MINNA'S THANKSGIVING.



Said Minna: "Thank you for
the eggs

You've given me to eat."

Then little Minna ran again
Across the sparkling snow,
And soon was at her mother's
side

With face and heart aglow.

"I've been and thanked them,
mother dear,

As nicely as I could;

— The cows, the sheep, the
hens and Dick —

I think they understood.

"For they all listened quietly
To everything I said,

THE LOW-MINDED CAT AND THE HIGH-MINDED BUTTERFLY.

And Dick! I wish you could
have seen

The way he bowed his head.

“I’m very glad I went because
I had so much to say,

And they might all have
thought it strange,

If I had stayed away

And had not given thanks to
them

Upon Thanksgiving Day!”

THE LOW-MINDED CAT AND THE HIGH-MINDED BUTTERFLY.

The cat sat up on a shed roof high

And watched a butterfly sailing by;

Puss licked her chops with a dainty air:

“Wish I could taste of that small thing there!”

The butterfly spoke: “Was there ever heard

A notion so strange and extremely absurd?

To you, things are nothing if not to eat.

The delicate fragrance of flowers sweet,

The flashing beauty of sunbeams bright,

Are out of a cat’s comprehension quite!”

From the Danish.



THE MEADOW PRINCESS.

(After the German.)

And it was in the meadowland
So fresh and fair and green,
There lived the prettiest Princess

The world has ever seen.

And it was in the meadowland
Her tiny castle stood ;
'Twas hid among the grasses
tall

As though 'twere in a wood.

And while upon the meadow-
land

The shining dewdrops lay,
The Princess, waking, said
with joy,

“I'll walk abroad to-day.”

So in the blooming meadowland
All flower-gay, and green,
Full soon the little Princess
tripped

The dewy grass between.

Then something—yes ! a dew-
drop ! — said

In accents silver-clear,
“O ! I will be thy crystal bowl,
Thou little Princess dear !”

So was it in the meadowland,
That in the happy dew
The Princess bathed her beau-
teous face,

And yet more beauteous
grew.

THE MEADOW PRINCESS.

Then something — yes! a little spring! —
Said, “O! thou Princess dear,
I’ve smoothed my waters all for thee —
Behold thy mirror clear!”

So was it in the meadowland,
All down among the grass,
The Princess found the little spring
Her willing looking-glass —

Then further down the meadowland
The Princess tripped along;
And peering sunbeams found their way
The tall green grass among.

Then something — yes! a little leaf! —
Said, “O! thou Princess sweet,
Thy sunshade gladly will I be
To shield thee from the heat.”

So was it in the meadowland
The little royal maid
Did pluck the leaf and hold it up,
All grateful for its shade.

And further still in meadowland
Till weary grew her feet;



And something — yes ! a butterfly ! —
Said, “ O ! thou Princess sweet,

“ A little Princess such as thou
Should’st never weary be.
I’ll be thy coach and gentle steed ;
Let me but carry thee.”

Then gayly through the meadowland
So fresh and fair and green,
The little Princess rode afar,
His silken wings between.

They swung and fluttered here and there,
Till at the castle door
(The tiny castle ’mid the grass)
The Princess stood once more.

Then something — yes ! it was a bee ! —
With gentle humming, said,
“ Dear little Princess, thou shouldst eat ;
Thy table I will spread.”

Then was there in the meadowland
A honey breakfast soon.
(The beetle lent his golden wing
To serve her for a spoon.)



A WISE FELLOW.

And then the birds of meadowland

Made there a dainty nest;

And when the Princess laid her down

They sang her into rest.

So was it in the meadowland

The blissful, livelong day ;

And in the evening — yes! it was

Still finer! so they say.

A WISE FELLOW.

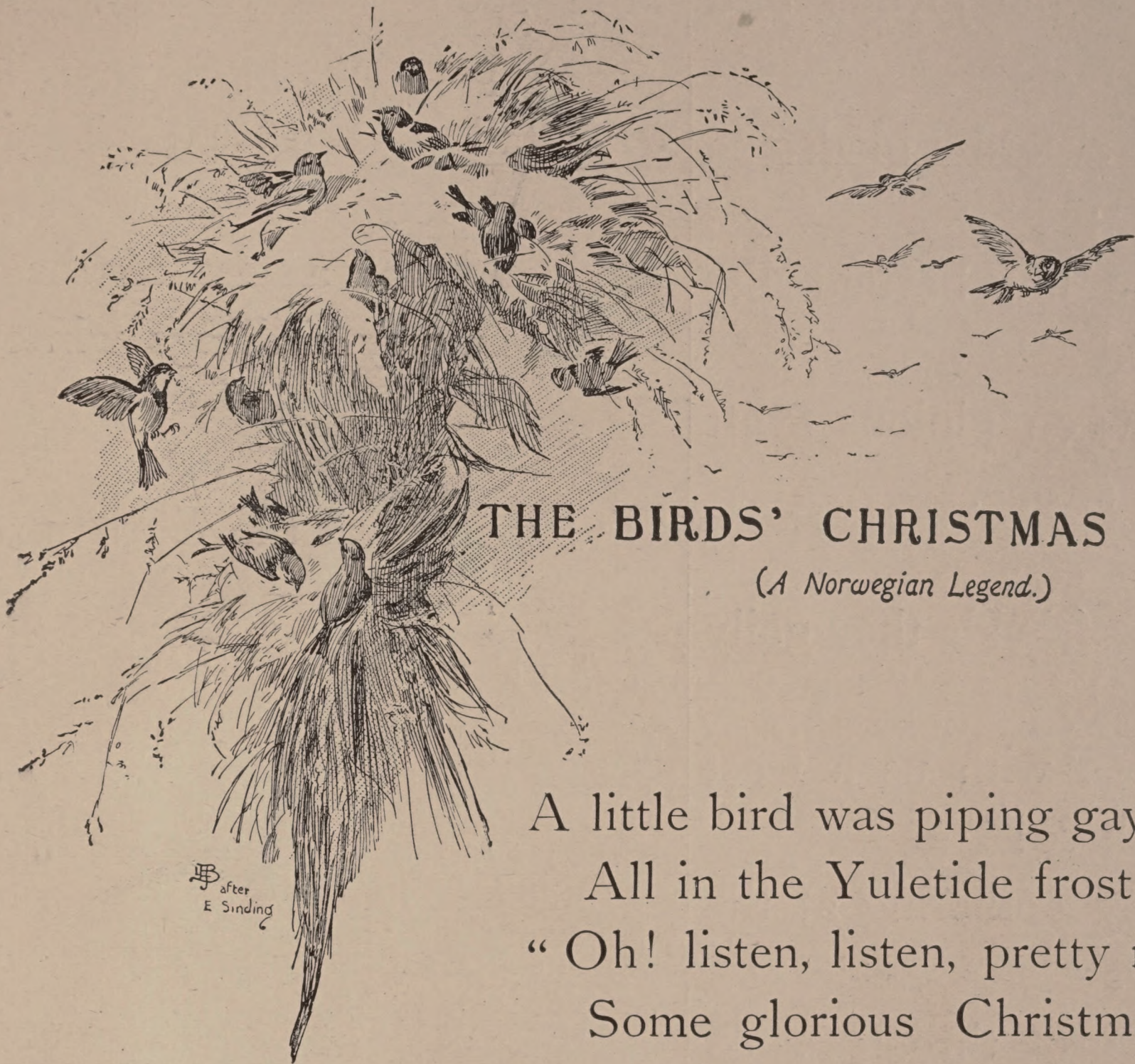


DOES SHE LIKE BUTTER?

Buttercup yellow,
You're a gay fellow!
Does she like butter? You
must now show.

Don't make a blunder!
I'll hold you under —
Right underneath her chin,
There you are — so!

Yes, it *is* yellow!
O, you wise fellow!
She *does* like butter — but how
did *you* know?



after
E Sinding

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS SHEAF

(A Norwegian Legend.)

A little bird was piping gay
All in the Yuletide frost and snow :
“ Oh! listen, listen, pretty mate,
Some glorious Christmas news I
know.

“ The cottager beyond the
wood
Has raised a sheaf beside
his door ;
Again we little birds may
feast
Upon his bounty as
before.

“ Three sheaves are all the
good man owns,
Yet one he gives us in our
need ;
He shares with us for Jesus'
sake.
It is a blessed Christmas
deed.”

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

Then trilled the joyous bird
and mate

In sweet accord a gladsome
song ;

And to the hut beyond the
wood

They flew on pinions swift
and strong.

To all their friends they gaily
called,

“ Oh come with us a feast
to share ! ”

And quickly gathering at the
news

A whirring throng sped
through the air.

A hungry cat glared with de-
sire,

But on they flew, nor felt
alarm ;

A fierce old crow they safely
passed—

On Christmas Eve no foe
might harm.

And soon they reached the
peasant's hut ;

A tall pole close beside it
stood

And held aloft a sheaf of wheat
For hungry birdlings' winter
food.

Oh ! merry was the Christmas
feast,

And sweet, oh sweet the
golden grain ;



THE PEASANT'S HUT.

The whole long night was
none too long :

The birdies ate and ate
again.

But when the chiming bells
sent forth

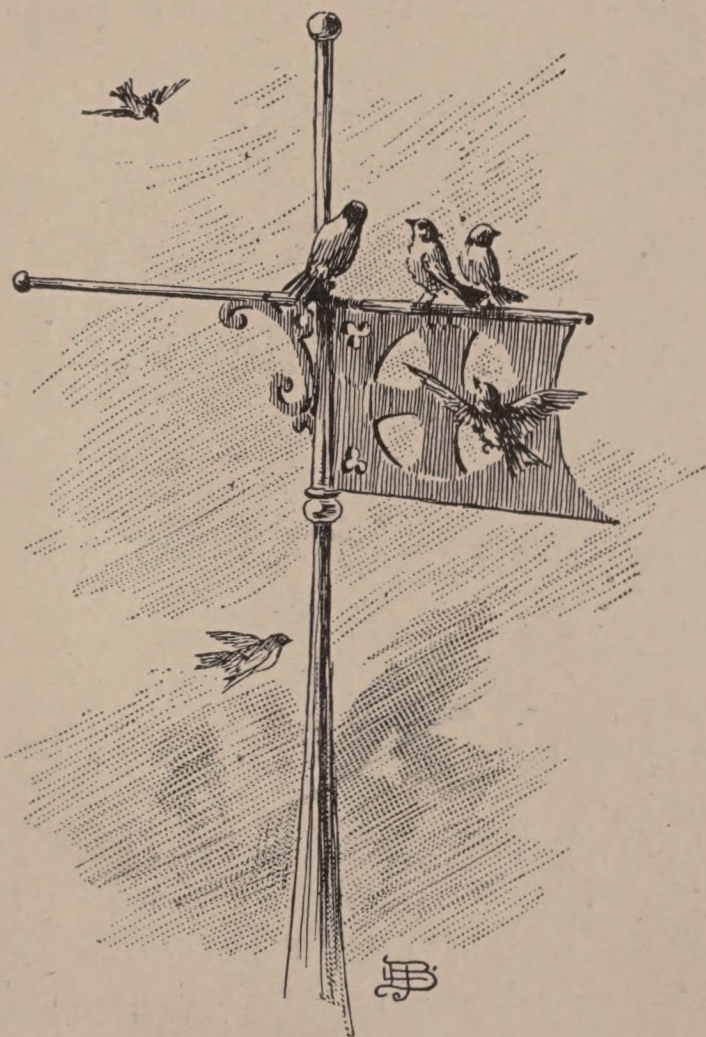
Their silver music through
the air

To call the people to the
church

That Christmas morn for
praise and prayer,

The birds, too, thither went;
and soon,

Perched on the weather-vane
so high,



They saw and heard an angel
choir

Whose heavenly glory filled
the sky.

And one among that radiant
throng,

The brightest in the shining
ranks,

Sang ever with melodious
voice:

*“Give thanks, ye grateful
hearts, give thanks!”*

The two birds listened, sor-
rowing:

For they that night, by
bounty fed,

Had feasted; then, with thanks
forgot,

All heedlessly away had
sped.

So back they flew to sing their
thanks

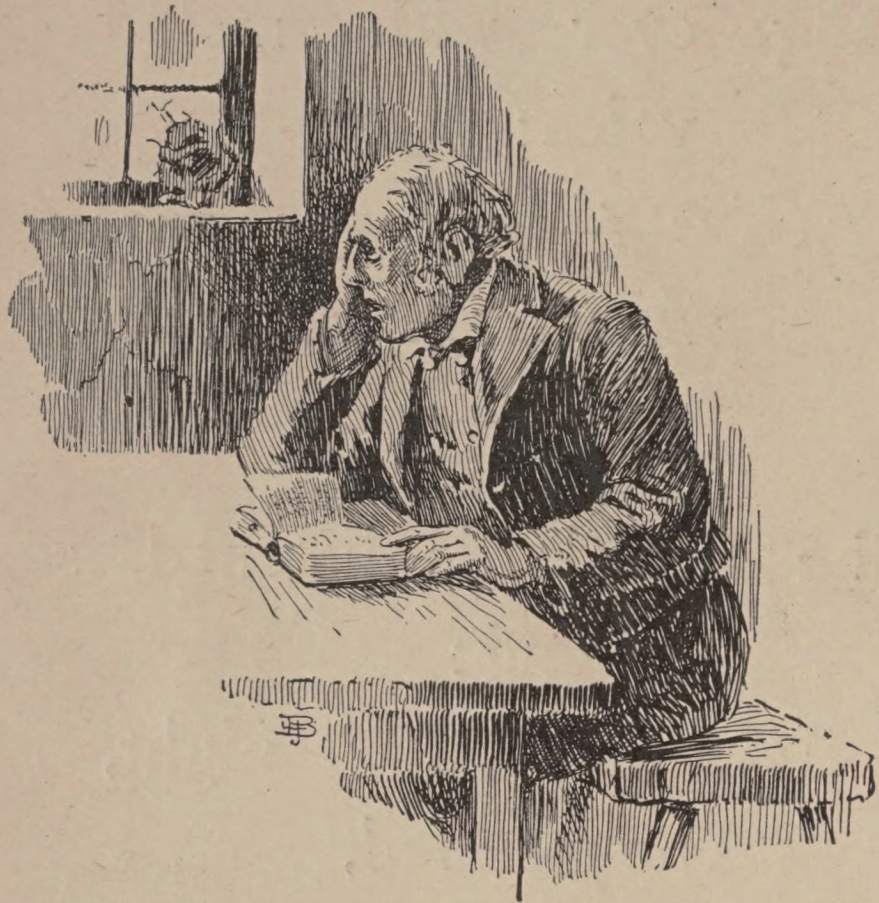
To him who gave the Christ-
mas sheaf.

But in the little snow-piled hut

The peasant sat in bitter
grief.

“Alas!” he said, “what woe
is mine!

No longer may I tarry here.



The New Year brings my
dreaded fate;

Then I must leave my home
so dear.”

No Christmas joy could light
his gloom ;

Misfortune had beset him
sore.

Soon, homeless, must he wan-
der forth

And beg his bread from
door to door.

The birds thought this a griev-
ous thing

And prayed to God it might
not be :

“O, God! make thou the
poor man glad ;

He gave us one sheaf out
of three !”

Then up into the Christmas
sheaf

The small birds flew to rest
again ;

But soon a joyous song rang out
From where they nestled in
the grain.

“Rejoice, kind friend of little
birds !”

They sang. “Rejoice, this
holy night ;

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

For lo! in every kernel's place
There hangs a golden ducat
bright!"

A thousand shining ducats!—
Yes,

A thousand! glittered in the
sheaf.

The peasant knew his trouble
past;

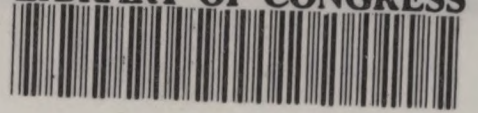
The gold had brought him
sure relief.

Thou did'st befriend us!" cried the birds,
"And God befriends thee! God is good."
—In glad amaze this carolling
The peasant heard and understood.

His heart leaped up in grateful thanks,
The birds trilled forth a rapturous lay,
And thus did joy and gladness reign
Upon that blessed Christmas Day.



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